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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—	
The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings	58
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
Biography:—	
John Malcolm—the Perso-Indian Question. By J. W. Kaye	54
History:—	
History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth. By W. H. Prescott	55
Religion:—	
New Publications	56
Education:—	
The Office and Work of Universities. By J. Newman, D.D.	56
Notices of Small Books	57
Voyages and Travels:—	
A Ramble Through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. By J. Shaw, M.D.	58
The Rocky Mountains and Western Deserts. By S. U. Carvalho	58
Western Border Life	58
Fiction:—	
Poisoners and Propagandists	59
Lena Rivers. By M. J. Holmes	59
Noble. By Bessie Sams	59
Notices of Small Books	60
Poetry and the Drama:—	
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The Journal of Sacred Literature, Edited by Rev. H. Burgess, LL.D., Ph.D.	61
Notices of Small Books	61
FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.:—	
The Critic Abroad	62
France:—	
From our own Correspondent	63
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.:—	
Science and Inventions:—	
The Fortnight	64
Queries and Notes	64
Architecture:—	
Report on Architecture as a Fine Art	65
Music and Musicians:—	
New Music	65
Musical and Dramatic Chat	66
Art and Artists:—	
Talk of the Studios	66
Literary News	66
Obituary	66
Books Recently Published	66
Advertisements	49, 50, 51, 52, 67, 68

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Are respectfully informed that the subscription for the current year should be remitted without delay. To those who wish to have the Supplements containing the Memoirs of Literary, Artistic, and Scientific Societies (described in page 51 of the present number), the charge for the year 1857, prepaid, will be 12s. Without these Supplements the charge for THE CRITIC will remain as before, i.e., 10s. the year. Post-office orders to be made payable to Mr. John Crookford, at the Strand Branch Order Office.
29, Essex-street, Strand (W.C.),
Feb. 1, 1857.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD:

ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE fortnight has been so uneventful, so far as the topics usually introduced into this summary are concerned, that we scarcely think it necessary to plead the great length of our supplemental summaries as an excuse for the paucity of these notes.

The *Manchester Guardian* publishes lists of the late arrivals for the forthcoming Art Treasures Exhibition; and the more we read the more do we marvel in anticipation at the glorious accumulation which Lancashire will be able to display. The Duke of Richmond sends the choicest treasures of Goodwood and Gordon, and the Duke of Portland invites the committee to go to Welbeck and help themselves. When such magnates as these are liberal, smaller collectors can hardly be niggardly.

Rumour from Cambridge whispers that the Rev. W. H. BATESON, Fellow and Bursar of St. John's, and for many years Public Orator of the University, is certain to succeed the lamented and venerable Dr. TATHAM in the Mastership of that College. Mr. BATESON is known to the world as one of the most elegant writers in Latin prose of the day; and it is added that his qualifications are such that the mantle could not possibly fall upon fitter shoulders.

The inauguration of a new School of Art at Sheffield has given Mr. ROEBUCK an opportunity for a little "starring business" in his own peculiar province. It is cheering proof of the interest which the people of this country are taking in the fine arts that the number of schools of this description now scattered over the country is nearly seventy. The money required for the establishment of the Sheffield School, amounting to more than 7000*l.*, was entirely raised within the town itself. Nothing was furnished by the gentlemen at Marlborough House beyond plenty of good advice and a promise of medals. The representative of that august body who attended to patronise the opening, H. COLE, Esq., C.B., was not particularly happy in his mode of announcing the intentions of the department which he represented. Medals were to be given (said he); and "to get a medal worthy of such an occasion they had sought all over Europe for an artist, and they had succeeded in obtaining the services of a foreign gentleman of great celebrity." Who this foreign gentleman of celebrity was, Mr. COLE, C.B., did not condescend to explain, nor how it came to pass that no English gentleman of great celebrity could be found competent to the task; but Mr. ROEBUCK (who is a shrewd debater, and hath a ready wit) was straightway upon the heels of Mr. COLE. "The only thing (said he) which Government had to do was to provide those medals; and that has not been done. I must say that that has not surprised me. I know something of Government, and I am not astonished at any failure in that quarter." Who can wonder that the good people of Sheffield enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of Mr. COLE and of the Government?

Mr. MORGAN KAVANAGH (the author of a work on *Myths*, lately published by Mr. Newby) addresses to us some communications, rather too lengthy for insertion, complaining of the treatment which he has experienced at the hands of a cotemporary. One of the grounds for complaint

appears to be that the reviewer who pretended to pass a judgment upon his work had not taken the trouble to peruse it. But, when Mr. KAVANAGH has had a little more experience of the press, he will find out that to read a book before reviewing it is the exception rather than the rule. The reason for this is obvious. If the reviewer has not read the book, he can scarcely be said to be prejudiced.

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, using the signature of RURIDECANUS, supplies some agreeable illustrations on the great birch-rod argument, mooted between Mr. TREHERNE and the editor of the *Times*. It will be in the recollection of our readers that Mr. TREHERNE agreed with the generality of gentlemen by denouncing the practice of flogging young men in the Etonian fashion as beastly and demoralising. There can be no two questions upon that point. You may call a man what you please, even Doctor of Divinity; but he can be no gentleman who would be guilty of such a piece of indecency as that operation implies. Corporeal punishment may be indispensable; but there can be no necessity for so administering it. But the scene described by the graphic pen of RURIDECANUS is too good to be committed to oblivion; and we hope that the biographer of the late DEAN of Peterborough will not omit to make use of it whenever he addresses himself to his task.

I was at Harrow (says Ruridecanus) from 1807 to 1815 under Dr. Butler, the late Dean of Peterborough. He was a first-rate man, senior wrangler of his year, a capital scholar, and otherwise endowed with various accomplishments, which eminently qualified him for his post. But he was a man of quick temper, and in the early part of his career he contrived to provoke in the upper school a general feeling of irritation, which issued in a serious rebellion of four days' continuance. Up to that period the boys in the upper school, i.e., the shell and all above, had been exempt from the punishment of flogging; but thenceforth Dr. Butler determined to introduce flogging into the shell; whereupon some of the boys quietly awaited the decision of their fate by a correspondence between Dr. Butler and their parents; several ran away from school. It ended in the determination of Dr. B. to confirm his *usage* by flogging them all round, and I witnessed the infliction of the punishment. I readily agree with the editor of the *Times* in comparing such flogging as I then saw to a flash of lightning—the anticipation brief, the suffering transient, the recollection most enduring. The quantum of stripes inflicted on some who had run away extended to thrice the regulation number consequent on one classical misdemeanour in the fourth form. These were laid on with exceeding severity; and I certainly shall never forget the impression—which I do not care to describe—made on my mind in one case particularly, as my eyes turned from the silent endurance of a bleeding youth of seventeen to the stern brow of the accomplished scholar, who doubtless conscientiously thought that he was promoting the cause of religious and useful learning by constraining this portion of the upper school to repose under the refreshing shadow of his birch.

We have said that the infliction of corporeal punishment may be a necessity: we think it is not. Indeed, we should have no faith in the capabilities of a preceptor who thought it needful to apply to human beings a discipline which cannot be too sparingly administered even to dogs. Flogging is the resource of three sorts of masters—an idle one, an ignorant one, and—a brute.

The last *fracas* about Sir E. BULWER LYTTON and his amiable lady has caused some gossip in the literary world. Lady BULWER's "Very Successful" has been so far true to its title that it has aroused an immense amount of indignation among the friends of the "injured husband." Messrs. WHITTAKER have been severely blamed for publishing the book, and that most respectable firm has made the *amende honorable* by advertising their withdrawal from the business. Poor Sir EDWARD has certainly performed severe penance for his grievous fault in marrying a lady with literary inclinations.

As a pendant to the foregoing, we see that Mrs. NORTON is once more in the field, doing brave battle for the rights of woman. This lady, however, has right on her side, and public sympathy; and, if her arguments and style of argumentation be somewhat more vigorous than we are accustomed to receive from the weaker sex, few can deny that Mrs. NORTON, if any woman, has a right to be indignant.

The Bible revision question is exciting attention in America. At a meeting lately held in New York, Dr. ARMITAGE presiding, it was announced that 701,600 pages of the revised edition of the Epistle to the Thessalonians and Job had

been issued within three months. The revisers are now proceeding to the Epistle to the Hebrews, which will be ready for publication in March. The manner of proceeding may best be illustrated by the following note:—

Two independent revisions of Luke and one of Romans were completed in December by revisers respectively of three different denominations. These revisions await the examination and decisions of the appropriate committees. The Committee on Versions had held seven meetings in the examination of correspondence and deliberating respecting the final committee on the English New Testament. They were perfectly unanimous in their views, but required further opportunity for deliberation, consultation, and correspondence, which the board unanimously granted.

The *Publishers' Circular* (among other interesting items of literary news) announces that "CHARLES READE is about to adventure amongst the penny readers of the *London Journal*." If the "penny readers" get anything so good as Mr. READE's excellent novel "It is Never Too Late to Mend," they will be envied by the "sixpenny readers" of many journals we wot of. The above-named *Circular* also gives the following announcement:

Mr. James promises "Leonora d'Orco," in 3 vols. The author of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland," whom it is no treason now to name as Mrs. Oliphant, is about to publish "The Days of My Life," in 3 vols.; the author of "The Curate of Overton," a tale called "Lucy Aymer;" "Hans Anderson," "To Be or Not to Be;" we are also promised "A Story of Modern Life," edited by Lady Chatterton; "Niobe, a Tale of Real Life," by Bessie Samma Turner; and in general literature, Dr. Hassall's "Adulterations Detected;" "Memoirs of Cardinal Mezzofanti," by Dr. C. W. Russell; "The Court of England under George III.," by G. Heneage Jesse; "A Narrative of Sir C. Napier's Campaign in the Baltic," edited from Letters and Documents, by G. E. Earp; "The Pleasure Paths of Travel," by E. Fox; "New Zealand, the Britain of the South," by Charles Hursthouse; "Ceylon, Past and Present," by Sir George Barrow; "The Antiquities of Ketchik and Researches in the Cimmerian Bosphorus," by Duncan Macpherson, M.D.; a new edition in 3 vols. crown 8vo. of "Kaye's War in Afghanistan;" a reissue, in 24 monthly parts, of "M'lan's Costumes of the Clans of Scotland;" and "Memoirs of My Life," by M. Guizot.

Some other interesting announcements may be found in the booksellers' advertisements; notably, Mr. EDWARD WHITTAKER's long-promised satirical novel "Friends of Bohemia," and a posthumous novel by CURRIER BELL. These will be by Messrs. SMITH, ELDER, and Co., who also promise a "Life of Charlotte Brontë" by Mrs. GASKELL.

Among the new works announced for publication during the season by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are the following:—Mr. Atkinson's "Narrative of his Seven Years' Explorations and Adventures in Oriental and Western Siberia, Chinese Tartary," &c., in one large volume, embellished with numerous coloured plates, from the author's original drawings; "Personal Recollections of the Last Four Popes," by his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman; "Elizabeth de Valois and the Court of Philip II. of Spain," by Miss Freer, 2 vols., now ready; "A Pilgrimage into Dauphiné," by the Rev. G. M. Musgrave, 2 vols. with illustrations; "A Personal Narrative of the Discovery of the North-West Passage," by Dr. Armstrong, late Surgeon and Naturalist of H.M.S. Investigator, 1 vol.; "Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads," by Mr. G. W. Thornbury, in 1 vol., with illustrations by Mr. H. S. Marks; a new edition, in 1 vol., of Capt. Chesterton's "Revelations of Prison Life;" a third and cheaper edition of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses," by a Lady Volunteer, in 1 vol., price 6s. In the list of works of fiction of the same publishers are—"The Days of My Life," an autobiography, by the author of "Margaret Maitland;" "Nothing New," by the author of John Halifax; and new novels by the author of "Rockingham," Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mrs. Trollope, and Miss Jewsbury. A new volume of poetry by Stanyan Bigg, author of "Night and the Soul," portions of which first made their appearance in the CRITIC, is said to be nearly ready for the printer. Its aim, treatment, and purpose, we are informed, are totally different from those of the earlier performance. A new novel called "Nightshade," by a gentleman who is at the present moment a candidate for the representation of the borough of Downpatrick, may shortly be expected to appear. It is said to have an important bearing on many of the great social and political questions of the day.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

SIR JOHN MALCOLM: THE PERSO-INDIAN QUESTION.

The Life and Correspondence of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., late Envoy to Persia and Governor of Bombay; from unpublished Letters and Journals. By JOHN WILLIAM KAYE, Author of the "Life of Lord Metcalfe," "History of the War in Afghanistan," &c. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

IN its reception by its contemporaries, and treatment by its successors, the second race of Anglo-Indian conquerors and statesmen has been much more favourably dealt with than the first. Something of this is due, no doubt, to its moral superiority; but something also must be ascribed to the changes which in public opinion, as in other things, "fleeing time procureth." Certainly, the Duke of Wellington was a more scrupulous personage than Lord Clive, and his brother the Marquis of Wellesley than Warren Hastings; but Parliament was disposed to wink at things in the conduct of the hero of Assaye which would have provoked many an indignant denunciation had they been done by the hero of Plassey; and the statesman who subdued the Mahrattas had not, like him who crushed Mysore, to undergo a ten long years' impeachment by Edmund Burke, and to have every nook and cranny of his conduct and policy flooded by the light of a resplendent rhetoric. Slowly, but persistently, since the impeachment of Hastings, there has been ebbing the quick strong tide of obloquy and odium which lashed against the foundation of our empire in the East. In admiration of the mighty edifice erected, men have lost the disposition to criticise too minutely the character and conduct of the architects. In the biographies of the more recent Anglo-Indian heroes a strain of panegyric is allowed, which would have drawn from Burke many a scathing invective. The Munros, Metcalfe, and Malcolms are ranked among our pattern men. Even to the two prime founders of the Anglo-Indian empire, a certain toleration is now extended, thanks to the word, both brilliant and brave, which Macaulay has spoken in their behalf. If Warren Hastings still comes before us in somewhat of a questionable shape, he is no longer the monster of fraud and iniquity that Sheridan and Burke depicted him. The "Great Lord Clive" is the name by which history now knows the conqueror of Bengal, whose supposed connection with the evil one made the peasantry of Surrey shudder as they passed the lonely pile of Claremont; while, even in the highest circles of the land, men ascribed to a special retribution the suicide which ended his wild and stern career.

It must be confessed, however, that the notabilities of the second Anglo-Indian period are for the most part smaller, though better, as well as luckier men than their predecessors. Their lives, after those of Clive and Hastings, read like *Télémaque* after the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. Greatness, indeed, of the heroic or semi-heroic kind was not required of them by their time or their task. The work was done by their hand; the native army was created; the policy fashioned, which they had to expand and consolidate. The Duke of Wellington, when mere Sir Arthur Wellesley, was removed from the Indian stage to play a part of unexpected grandeur in the great European drama; but among the other successors of Clive and Hastings there were few extraordinary men. Sir John Malcolm was a good specimen of the class. He was a brave soldier, an energetic and successful organiser, a skilful diplomatist; yet it is no disparagement of him to say that he was a second-rate man. Mr. Kaye, who writes his life with more than the average love of a biographer for his subject, cannot make a hero of him. Yet the volumes are interesting in their amplitude of historical and biographical detail. Old India and the Indian official of the old school are, both of them, passing rapidly away, to be succeeded by a civilised young India, moving and seconding resolutions at public meetings in tolerable English, instead of extemporising black holes of Calcutta, and by a new race of learned Indian officials, the product of competitive examinations. Mr. Kaye's volumes are an instructive picture of what, never well

known, strongly deserves to be known before it ceases to exist. They are written from copious and authentic family papers, out of which, by the way, it was intended that the late Capt. Hamilton should frame a biography of Malcolm. But the author of "Cyril Thornton" died, leaving his task far from completed, and its execution could not have been entrusted to better hands than those of the historian of the Afghan war and biographer of Lord Metcalfe. Mr. Kaye's special and general qualifications in connection with Anglo-Indian literature and history are too generally recognised to require exposition. He is a practised writer, instructive, lively, and genial, who could have lent interest to a theme much less interesting in itself than his present one. Let us add that contemporary circumstances make the volumes specially acceptable at the present moment. Those who know little of Sir John Malcolm know him at least as the Persian ambassador, the historian of Persia's past, and sketched of its present. The war in which we are now engaged with Persia springs from causes not the growth of yesterday; it is based on events and considerations familiar to Malcolm and the "politicals" of his early Indian days. The narrative of his Persian missions, the extracts from his diaries, correspondence, and other communications relating to them, throw new and much-needed light on the Perso-Indian complications of 1857. To these we shall hereafter revert, as forming one of the most important topics of the time.

In the year of Nuncomar's trial and execution, which cost Warren Hastings so dear, John Malcolm, then a boy of six, was playing among the heathery hills and sparkling "burns" of Eskdale. His father was a farmer of good family but straitened means, who "fed his flocks" on the estate of Burnfoot, three miles from Langholm, in Dumfriesshire. John, the fourth son of a family of fourteen children, was born in 1769, and his next eldest brother rose to be Admiral Sir Pulteney Malcolm, G.C.B. John was a boy of quick parts, of robust frame and adventurous, not to say mischievous, disposition: a family tradition commemorating that, whatever wild prank might be played, the village schoolmaster used to declare, "Jock's at the bottom of it." A character of this kind pointed to a military career if attainable, and his father, embarrassed by unfortunate speculations and with a large family on his hands, willingly accepted an Indian cadetship which an influential connection procured for "Jock," when the lad was but eleven years old! There were no "competitive examinations" in those days, but the candidate for a cadetship had to submit to the ordeal of a scrutiny at the India House; and the raw Scotch lad, fresh from Eskdale, was all but rejected when brought before the grave and reverend signors of Leadenhall-street. A lucky accident saved him. "Why, my little man," said one of the amused directors, "what would you do if you were to meet Hyder Ali?" "Do, Sir!" was the prompt reply, "I would out with my sword and cut off his head." "You will do," was the rejoinder, "let him pass." Tell it not in Sandhurst, publish it not at Addiscombe!

The slaughter of Hyder Ali was impossible, however, for the soldier-urchin. Malcolm remained at his books, in England, for some two years after the date of his commission; and when he reached Madras, in the spring of 1783, Hyder Ali was dead and Tippoo reigned in his stead. "Bey Malcolm," as he was then called, for he was not yet fourteen, was a favourite with his fellow-officers and the public. Clive's future biographer had nothing of the gloomy sullen temper for which Clive himself, when first landing in India, was noted, and which twice led him to attempt suicide before he was out of his teens. We hear of Malcolm's "frank, open manners, his sunny temper, and his genial playful spirits." He was "a fine, free-spirited, active, excitable boy, fonder of play of all kinds than of study; a good horseman, a crack shot, accomplished in all gymnastic exercises." No wonder, perhaps, that with this temperament, and suddenly liberated from restraint, he ran a little into debt, and, scorning to borrow, was often sore beset for a meal, in spite of the vulgar notion, not yet altogether obsolete, that an Anglo-Indian officer or

official has but to torture a Hindoo or two to provide himself with whatsoever he lacks. Luckily, Malcolm had near him an elder brother, in the civil service of the company, imbued with the true rigorous Scotch notions of thrift and self-dependence. A rich uncle at home, proud of his brilliant young nephew, sent the wherewithal to pay John's debts; but the stern elder brother intercepted the remittances! John had to clear himself of debt, and soon an arena of action was opened out to him. Tippoo declared war against us. We took the field with the Mahrattas and the Nizam for our allies, and Malcolm was in the auxiliary force which marched with the Nizam's contingent against the foe. In the camp of the Nizam the young Lieutenant became acquainted with various "politicals," whose position and duties dazzled him. He longed to become a diplomatist; and, instead of idly wishing, he set to work to master the native languages. Gun and horse, to the astonishment of his gay companions, were abandoned for lexicon and grammar. He soon gathered the fruits of his new resolves and their accompanying diligence. Before Seringapatam Lord Cornwallis required an English officer acquainted with Persian to be the medium of communication with the Nizam's contingent. Malcolm was selected for his special fitness, and thenceforward was employed upon the staff. It was not to the military "dash" promised in his Leadenhall-street reply, but to the midnight oil burned over dictionaries, that Malcolm owed the promotion which determined his successful career.

Twelve years had elapsed since "Boy Malcolm" left the shores of England, when, now a man of twenty-five, he revisited them, on sick leave. He remained at home two years, visiting old friends and haunts, but keeping his eye steadfastly fixed on business. An officer in the East India Company's service, he felt bitterly the distinction drawn between the Company's troops and the King's—a matter of complaint even now, but then so painful as to be almost intolerable. The Company's soldiers were the drudging bees, the King's the enjoying and do-nothing drones. Lord Cornwallis himself had propounded to the home authorities a scheme of reform which was being eagerly canvassed in "military circles." Suddenly at this time there appeared on the scene, to him engrossing, grievance, some strong letters in the London newspapers, from Malcolm's pen, and signed "Mullagatawny." They attracted the attention of Mr. Dundas, then President of the Board of Control, for they were constructive and suggestive, as well as indignant; and the upshot was that, when Malcolm next sailed to India, he went as Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief of the Madras Army, Sir Alured Clarke, who helped to take the Cape of Good Hope, as he speeded to his destination. Thus, even in those old days, when competitive examinations were unknown, industry, ingenuity, and courage made their way, as they will ever do.

From this point onward, Malcolm's career is one of steady progress, though not always in the direction which he desired. He united Scotch vivacity and ardour to English solidity, and could not be "kept down" in a state of things where tact, talent, and "go" were the things needful. Tallyrand's celebrated recommendation to his subordinates, "Surtout Messieurs, point de zèle" has never been applicable to British India; and Malcolm's "zèle" attracted the Marquis of Wellesley, and secured the good wishes of the Marquis's great brother, the future Duke of Wellington. His first diplomatic appointment was as Assistant "Political" at Hyderabad, where he effected a dissolution of the Nizam's French contingent, with a mixture of energy and delicacy which speaks well for the tone of the Indian services in those old days. Thrice he was sent on a mission to Persia—a section of his biography to which we shall recur. After the battle of Waterloo he revisited Europe, and was cordially welcomed by the Duke of Wellington and by Sir Walter Scott—by the latter partly as a brother author, for he had, meanwhile, published his *History of Persia*. On his return to India he was employed in one of the most important, though least brilliant, transactions of his life—the settlement of districts of Central India which had fallen to us on the final overthrow of the

Mahrattas, and in which the solitary Anglo-Indian official is shown restoring law and order to, or rather creating therein, a wild chaotic region as large as England itself. It is to this portion of Mr. Kaye's volumes that we would specially direct the attention of those who fancy the servant of the Company to be a sort of roaring lion in the social and financial jungle of Hindostan, seeking whom and what he may devour.

"I have fixed my head-quarters (he says in one letter) in an old palace, from which I expelled (I speak a literal fact) tigers! The old ruins of this place, and the celebrated city of Mandoo, have for more than a century been shared by tigers and Bheels, more destructive than these animals in their ravages. The tigers I shoot; the Bheels are my friends, and now serve in a corps I have raised to cultivate lands. I have made and am making roads in every direction. A great fair at a holy place, which has not been visited for seventy years, was a week ago crowded by at least 30,000 people. I gave guards at the place, and cleared the road; and I confess that I was a little sensible to the flattery of the poor creatures making the air ring with 'Jy Malcolm jy' (success to Malcolm), &c. &c. This and the discovery, a few days ago, that among the Bheel ladies tying a string upon the right arm of their children, whilst the priest pronounced the name of Malcolm three times, was a sovereign cure for a fever, are proofs at least of my having a good name among these wild mountaineers, which will do me as much and more good than one in Leadenhall-street." I am told (adds Mr. Kaye) that Bishop Heber used to relate how, when travelling in Central India, he inquired what was written on an amulet worn by a native child, and was told that it was nothing more than the word "Malcolm," which was considered, in that part of the country, the most efficacious of charms.

If the Indian Reform Society had any vitality, or, indeed, were alive, we would recommend the more blatant of its members to study this paragraph and weigh its meaning and connection.

The rather acid reference to Leadenhall-street, made in the passage just quoted, brings us, however, to one of the faults of Malcolm's character, his intense desire for promotion. Though always a successful man, he seems to feel unduly the little disappointments and slights incident to this imperfect state of existence, and to chafe in somewhat of an undignified fashion, when this governorship or that is refused him. It is not that he does his duty merely because he expects promotion. The doing of his duty is forced upon him by a law of his nature, but he expects, with reprehensible eagerness, promotion to follow on the heels of achievement. On one occasion, when pressing his old friend, the Duke of Wellington, to promote his views, the Duke gives him a quiet but rather cutting rebuke, and tells him that he himself, with all his connections and expectations, never made any way until he entered Parliament—a course which he duly recommends to Malcolm. Malcolm followed the advice eventually, but not until after a chief object of his ambition, the Governorship of Bombay, had been attained. After the settlement of Malwah, he returned to England (in 1822), and tenanted Hyde Hall, in Hertfordshire. There he lived the life of a country gentleman, corresponding with the Duke of Wellington on Indian affairs, especially on the relations between India and Persia, until his unceasing efforts, backed by the friendship of the Iron Duke, procured him, in 1827, the Government of Bombay. On his voyage outwards he wrote, from family papers furnished him by his friend Lord Powys, his life of the great Lord Clive—a poor book, chiefly valuable as having furnished a text for Macaulay's celebrated essay; and the literary world was long and vainly beguiled with the announcement that the late Mr. Lockhart was to give us an adequate biography of the conqueror of Bengal. Nor did Malcolm, now a knight, find the Government of Bombay a bed of roses. He was compelled by the Home Government to retrench, and retrenchment brought him unpopularity with the Services in his Presidency. He was involved, like his great predecessor, Warren Hastings, in painful disputes with the judicial authorities of Bombay,—disputes which paralysed his reforming energies and nipped in the bud his grand schemes of improvement. Yet he encouraged missionaries, opened roads, promoted plans for the culture of raw materials, and "put down" infanticide where he could. A gigantic "minute" accompanied his resignation of his office, when he had reached the age of 60.

He had gone out to India (says Mr. Kaye), as a cadet of infantry, at the age of thirteen, with no better prospect of promotion than lies before any other scantily-educated boy, who leaves his paternal homestead to make his way as best he can for himself

amidst thousands of competitors on a vast theatre of action; and he left the country of his adoption, having attained, if not its highest place, the highest ever attained by one who set out from the same starting point. Only one cadet of the Company's army had ever before earned for himself so prominent a position. But every youth who now swears at the India House to be faithful to the Company will see, in this story of Malcolm's life, what he may live to accomplish.

There is much in this, though the great prize, the Governor-Generalship of India, which Malcolm, no doubt, in secret sighed to attain, was denied him. Was it in remembrance of the Duke of Wellington's old advice that Malcolm threw up his Governorship of Bombay, when the Reform Bill was in the wind? He returned to England in 1831, and soon got into Parliament, as member for Launceston, in Cornwall. He was not successful in the House of Commons, for the practical man was far from being an eloquent one; and, as Mr. Kaye significantly observes, "Malcolm had all his life been a Tory." After the Reform Bill he tried to become member for the Dumfries Burghs, but there his Conservatism was against him. Gradually, the brave old man drooped amid the strange excitements of the strange time, and on the 30th of May, 1833, he died. His friends seem to have mourned him; and two years after his death, his countrymen raised an obelisk in his honour, overlooking the town of Langholm, Sir James Graham coming from Netherby to speechify on the occasion. Malcolm's true monument, probably, is pacified Malwah, with its extinguished tigers, its tranquillised Bheels, and children as they trudge along wearing Malcolm-amulets on their arms.

According to promise, we recur to Malcolm's Persian missions. It seems, while we read the record of them, as if events recurred in cycles. Malcolm's first Persian mission was undertaken in 1800, and the circumstances under which he was sent bear a close analogy to those of later years. Then, as now, Afghanistan was the only practicable gate by which an entrance could be effected in Hindostan; and then, as in 1838, fears were entertained of an attack from Afghanistan on British India or its allies. Sir John Malcolm was sent on a mission to the Persian Shah, primarily to spy out the land, and secondarily to persuade the ruler of Persia to declare war against Zemann Shah, the leading prince of Afghanistan, and thus divert the latter from his fabled invasion of Hindostan. In his real, though not his ostensible object, he succeeded admirably. By a judicious mixture of deference and firmness, he made the vain and haughty people with whom he had to deal at once love and respect him. On his third mission, ten years afterwards, he found the memory of his first visit fresh and grateful in the Persian hearts. But it is the second of his Persian missions, though completely abortive as regarded its immediate object, that is for present purposes most important and interesting. In 1807, after the peace of Tilsit, France and Russia, from being enemies, had become friends, then as now, after the lapse of half a century in 1857! An invasion of India by Russia, backed or connived on by France, was dreaded. It was necessary to secure Persia as the outermost bulwark of Hindostan, and Persia was half Russian, half French.

The French (says Mr. Kaye) had established a very imposing embassy at Teheran, which Lord Minto described as the advanced guard of a French army; and now Malcolm was to be sent forward, in like manner, with the portfolio of the diplomatist masking the muzzles of our British guns.

The muzzles, indeed, were scarcely masked. Malcolm was to command an expedition to the Persian Gulf, which, like that of 1856, was to seize the island of Karrah and menace Bushire. From a misunderstanding with the Home Government, by whom Sir Harford Jones had been sent as envoy to Teheran, Malcolm's expedition came to nothing. But it has yielded us some valuable observations from his pen, which are specially applicable at the present moment. We shall give two brief extracts from his diaries and correspondence on this subject, which "resume," as the French say, the most important of the points at present mooted. The first is from a letter to the Duke of Wellington, written in 1808, on the dangers to British India by way of Afghanistan, and on the necessity for meeting it by establishing ourselves in the Persian Gulf—one of the objects supposed to be contemplated by the expedition which sailed a few weeks ago from Bombay.

The most serious alarm which my mind admits, is

the possibility of an understanding between France and Russia, connected with a scheme for the latter either aiding or acting as a principal in an attack upon our eastern possessions. This, though very unlikely, is not impossible. Buonaparte can offer great temptations to Russia; and he is of a character likely to make any sacrifices and every effort to obtain so vast an object. The attempts of France against us in India must be full of hazard, unless they are gradual. The distance of the march, the little dependence which can be placed in the inhabitants of the country through which her armies must pass, and their want of resources (particularly in provisions) are all great obstacles. But the empire of Russia is up to the point, and she is in possession of territory within five hundred miles of the Tigris where it is navigable, and bordering upon the north-western parts of the kingdom of Persia. If such attempts should be made or threatened, there is not a moment to lose in taking every measure of preventive policy. Half means will lose India. The western side of India must be strengthened; one of our ablest officers must combine the military and civil powers at Bombay; and we must make ourselves strong in the Persian Gulf, that we may be able to support friends, and inspire those sentiments of hope and fear which must be felt by all the states in that quarter, before we can expect to establish any relations with them that will be really beneficial to our interests.

"The western side of India must be strengthened," which means, now the Punjab is annexed, a chain of powerful fortresses to be built along our north-western frontier—is a remark worthy the attention of the economists who grudge the expense of the Persian expedition. But the most striking passage which we have to quote is the following, from Malcolm's diary, written off the very island of Karrah, which the new Persian expedition has been directed to seize, and which, perhaps, England may be destined to retain:

H. M. Ship Doria, near Karrah, 8th July.—The more I contemplate this island, the more I am satisfied it might be made one of the most prosperous settlements in Asia—situated within a few hours' sail of Bushire, Bunder Begh, Bussorah, Guene, Baherin, and Catiff. It would, if under a just and powerful government, be the common resort of the merchants of Turkey, Arabia, and Persia; and though too small (only twelve square miles) to support a number of inhabitants, it would, when it became an emporium of commerce, become a granary also, and want would be unknown. The chief recommendations of this island are its fine climate and excellent water. It has no harbour; but a vessel has protection from the prevalent gales in the gulf under either its south-east or north-west side, and they can shift their berth in the hardest gales without danger. I could not contemplate this island without thinking it far from improbable that the English Government might be obliged, by the progress of its enemies in this quarter, to take possession of it; and my mind passed rapidly from that idea to the contemplation of myself as the chief instrument in the execution of this plan. I saw this almost desolate island filled with inhabitants, and who repaid all my labours by their gratitude and attachment. More improbable dreams have been realised; and there can be no harm in indulging the imagination in the contemplation of a scheme which has its foundation in the most virtuous and justifiable ambition, which seeks not to destroy, but to establish—not to invade security, but to give repose—not to attack, but to defend—and, instead of spreading the evils of war, wishes only to erect a bulwark to stop its ravages.

This was written in 1808; but it remains pregnant and interesting in 1857.

HISTORY.

History of the Reign of Charles the Fifth. By W. ROBERTSON, D.D. *With an Account of the Emperor's Life after his Abdication.* By W. H. PRESCOTT. 2 vols. London: Routledge.

DR. ROBERTSON substantially closes his life of Charles V. with the abdication of the monarch, six or seven pages only being devoted to the history of his retirement, and these containing many inaccuracies.

But, since Robertson wrote, documents have come to light which exhibit the most extraordinary picture of this Emperor in his retreat. His correspondence and household papers have been found in the archives of Linarias. From these we learn that the abdication which moralists have made the subject of so many themes, poets have sung, and preachers have preached, was not the magnificent act of self-denial it was supposed, but rather a retreat from the cares of business, that he might the more freely indulge in the pleasures of ease and good living. Instead of an anchorite we find a voluptuary; instead of a devotee a dethroned monarch.

Mr. Prescott, the historian of Mexico and Peru, has added to the History of Robertson a narrative of the Emperor's retirement, abstracted from the documents of Linarias, forming by far the most interesting portion of these two handsome volumes.

The recluse, in fact, was devoting himself to eating and drinking. He stuffed himself with potted capon before he rose in the morning; he devoured half a dozen dishes at a midday dinner; he feasted on anchovies or sardines or other savoury viands in the evening. He drank a quart of iced beer for breakfast; he swallowed a whole quart of Rhine wine at a draught two or three times in the course of the day. The country round was scoured for delicacies; and any person who desired to pay court to him did so with presents of game and sweetmeats. He doted on eel-pasty. His daughters sent him rich tarts, which he devoured. Soles, lampreys, and flounders were dispatched in quantities from Seville and Portugal. His olives were supplied by a particular trader at Perejoez. Sausages were procured by the Secretary of State from Torderillas. Nor was his belly the only god of his idolatry. His body was bloated; his limbs were swollen with gout—the penalty of his gormandising. Nevertheless he adorned it in the most extravagant fashion. He had no less than sixteen robes of silk, lined with ermine down or ermine. The richest carpets covered his floors; the most superb furniture lined his walls; trinkets and curiosities, as well as true gems of art, abounded in his rooms; while his books were limited to a few devotional volumes.

The only intellectual taste in which he indulged was a love for mechanics: he had a passion for clocks and watches, of which a great multitude were collected; and he even amused himself with the construction of mechanical figures, that exhibited no small ingenuity.

Combined with this self-indulgence was a great profession of piety. He sung in the choir at the chapel, did penance with the whip till his back bled, listened, or appeared to listen, to long sermons, and, to crown this mockery of religion, he performed his own obsequies, rehearsed his funeral with all the scenery, dresses, decorations, and properties, even to the mass and the burial.

Whether it was mere eccentricity or actual madness, the story of this great Emperor in his retirement, after an unforced abdication, is full of instruction as well as of interest. It is a psychological curiosity, and, if the philosophy of mind were properly pursued by collecting facts and reasoning from them, as is done with all other sciences, instead of reasoning from consciousness alone, few memoirs would throw more light upon the physiology of the mind than these of Charles V.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

HAVING already, oftener than once, expressed ourselves in favour of a revision of our authorised version of the Holy Scriptures, we are not now going to recur to the subject further than by stating that we see nothing in Dr. Cumming's new publication to induce us to alter our opinion in the matter. Dr. Cumming's publication is entitled, *Bible Revision and Translation: an argument for holding fast what we have*. By the Rev. JOHN CUMMING, D.D. (London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.)—This pamphlet is for the most part merely a *réfutation* of Dr. Cumming's letters to the *Times* in August last—a performance which he is so proud that he has here reprinted the said letters in an appendix. To our minds, both pamphlet and letters contain no solid arguments against the proposed revision. He wishes, for instance, to make a great point out of those disputed passages with reference to which the opinions of the learned appear to be equally divided, and asks, How can we expect anything like unanimity in any body of men chosen to carry out the revision? But to this it may be replied that all such passages may be safely left intact. For the rest, we are bold to affirm that the advocates of revision generally are quite as much attached as Dr. Cumming can possibly be to our old version, and have quite as much veneration for the virtues and learning of the old translators—seasoned, however, with so much discretion as to prevent them from indorsing Dr. Cumming's dictum, "that the fifty-four translators of 1611, seven of whom either died or declined, were the most accomplished scholars in Greek and Hebrew that ever lived." Dr. Cumming, however, himself admits "that a revision and correction of proved defects is alike dutiful and desirable," but that the time for it is not yet come. Might not the same have been said (and doubtless it was said) with respect to the revision of 1611?

A Letter to the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford on the Present State of Theology in the Universities and the Church of England, and on the Causes of existing Scepticism and Infidelity. By CLERICUS (Oxford: Hammans).—The author of this work furnishes us with a learned and able review of the different theological questions now agitating the Church of England. His conclusions with respect to them are rather hopeful than desponding. Admitting the doctrine of progress in theology, which he shows is supported by the testimony of our most enlightened and orthodox divines, he proceeds to show that the grave errors into which so many have recently fallen spring from the neglect of what is called *analogy* or *correspondence* in the interpretation of the Scriptures. "This at once accounts," he says, "for the meagreness of modern theology—for the predominance of the human element in all theories of Divine inspiration—for the introduction of rhetorical figure into the interpretation of Scripture—for the strenuous advocacy of the merely literal and historical sense—for whole prophetic books being set aside as among the secret things which God has not yet revealed—and for so many parts of the Word of God being now considered obsolete. It explains to us the origin of so much mystery in Christian doctrine, and, at the same time, of so much plainness; as also the cause of obscure, confused, and uncertain ideas. It exhibits to us the real nature and quality of modern faith; and enables us to see why it is that so much is required on the one hand; or, on the other, why so little, it being supplanted by knowledge. It reveals to us the reason why so little is understood of the origin and nature of sacrificial worship—why the Church is at once so quiet and so disturbed—and why so many in this day, being warned off from the highest side of analogy, and not contented only with the lowest, having nothing else to choose, accordingly choose nothing." From what has been stated the reader will not be surprised to learn that the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg are largely quoted, and always with great respect, in the present treatise.

We have also much laudation of Swedenborg, although from a different point of view, in *The Church of Christ not an Ecclesiasticism*. By HENRY JAMES. Second edition. (London: White).—Mr. James strongly objects to any sect identifying itself with the "New Jerusalem," or Church of the Apocalypse, and endeavours to show that the great Swedenborg was the least sectarian and most tolerant man that ever lived. "The truths of the new heaven," he says, "are internal and universal truths, as intelligible and acceptable to the Turk as to the Englishman; they are rational truths, as applicable, therefore, to the conscience of the Hottentot and Laplander as to the Frenchman or American. Accordingly, the new heavens, as Swedenborg reports them, are made up of Gentiles and Christians alike; and hence mere ecclesiastical Christianity, Christianity which stands in orthodox ritual observances, has utterly lost all celestial vitality."

Sermons preached in the English Protestant Church, Hamburg. By CHARLES FREDERICK WEIDEMANN, M.A., Chaplain to the British Residents. (Hamburg: Meissner).—These sermons contain a valuable testimony to the zeal and affection with which the preacher discharges his functions among our fellow-countrymen in Hamburg. They have been carefully prepared for the press, and are very elegantly printed.

The Depression of the Clergy the Danger of the Church: a Sermon preached in St. Peter's Church, Peterhead, in connection with the Congregational Vote of Sympathy in a Diocesan Effort for Ameliorating the Condition of the Clergy. By the Incumbent. (Peterhead: Taylor).—From this sermon we are sorry to perceive that the temporal condition of the Scotch Episcopal Clergy is such as to require considerable amelioration. In worldly prosperity the Episcopal Church in Scotland comes far short of the Kirk, or even Free Kirk; and the preacher very properly claims on behalf of his brethren such a temporal provision as will enable them to devote all their energy and attention to the preaching of the Gospel. Dr. Guthrie, of the Free Church, whom the preacher quotes, has spoken to the same effect:—"Although the ministers of Christ have no claim, and make none, to the affluence of Dives, to be clothed with purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day; it is implied that they have a competent provision, and be placed in pecuniary circumstances suitable to the position they hold in society; that thus they may exercise the hospitality enjoined on them, maintain a decent and respectable appearance, and live free from the dread, the distractions, and the disgrace of debt." In an appendix to this sermon the writer comments severely upon a letter recently inserted in the *Times*, under the signature of "A Traveller in Scotland." The letter, which is understood to have been written by Dr. Cumming, stigmatised the Scottish Episcopalian clergy with being "imperfectly educated," with retaining a communion office which is a "thoroughly Romish document," and with having made their Church a "half-way house" to Rome. Our author denies these charges *in toto*—showing that of the 150 clergymen 120 have received a regular university education; that the office complained of is not used in three-fourths of the churches; and that both clergy and

laity are as much opposed to the errors of the Church of Rome as their brethren of the Church of England. In conclusion, he advises Dr. Cumming, when he next writes to the *Times* upon ecclesiastical matters, to be a little more impartial in his strictures; not to overlook the abuses existing in the English Church, nor the "symbols of those who have repudiated the episcopal constitution," nor the "apocalyptic quackery" by which a certain preacher contrives to eke out his income.

The question of Sabbath observance is treated of in a bulky volume, entitled *Sunday, the Rest of Labour*. By A CHRISTIAN (London: Newby).—The nature of this work may be gathered from some of its conclusions, which are as follows:—"That a day of rest is a part of the Divine constitution of the economy of human life." "That the physical benefit, the recreation of the energies of the man of toil, was the immediate and direct object of the appointment of the rest of the seventh day, and of its reappointment in the Hebrew economy." "That a Sunday rest from labour was a part of the heathen economy of Britain, and a remnant of the original rest of the seventh day." "That every man is at perfect liberty to spend the rest according to the convictions of his own mind, subject to such restrictions as control his activity on every other day." "That the observance of the Lord's day as a day of worship is wholly and entirely an invention of the Church for her own purposes." "That the sacred character of the Lord's day is in every respect, and to all intents and purposes, an invention of the British Reformed Churches," &c. Such being the author's views, it is evident that the dedication of the work to the Archbishop of Canterbury is altogether without that prelate's sanction.

Such of our readers as are interested in the history of the Moravian brethren will derive considerable information from the *Memoirs of James Hutton*; comprising the annals of his life, and connection with the United Brethren. By DANIEL BENHAM. (London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.)—James Hutton (born 1715, died 1795) was one of the most active members of the Moravian Brotherhood. His biography, however, as here presented to us, is, we must confess, rather tiresome, and might have been advantageously condensed into about one quarter of the space it occupies.

The Author of "Memorials of Theophilus Trinal" has penned another delightful volume, entitled *Lectures in Aid of Self-Improvement, addressed to young men and others*. By THOMAS T. LYNCH. Second Edition. (London: Longmans).—These lectures are entitled respectively, "On Self-improvement and the motives to it;" "On Religion as a Study;" "On Books and on reading them;" "On Conversation and Discussion;" "On Manners and Social Respectability;" "On Circumstance and Character." Dr. Campbell, of the *Christian Witness*, and those other gentlemen who were so lynx-eyed as to discover heresy (where none existed) in Mr. Lynch's little volume of sacred poetry called "The Rivolet," may possibly object to this little volume also. For ourselves, however, who have no *odium theologicum* to gratify, we take leave to recommend it as an earnest and thoughtful work, elegantly written, and well calculated to advance the religious, moral, and intellectual culture of the age.

For the following publications it will be sufficient barely to mention their titles—*Jesus Revealing the Heart of God*. Reprinted from "Quiet Hours." By the Rev. JOHN PULSFORD. Second Edition. (Edinburgh: Jack.)—*This World and the Next: the impossibility of making the most of both*. Some reply to Mr. Binney's lecture, entitled "Is it possible to make the best of both worlds?" (London: Yapp.)—*The Great Law of the Human Mind, and the Heavens and the Earth*. (London: Printed for the Author by Savill and Edwards).—The last-mentioned is accompanied by an advertisement as follows:—"This work begins the Millennium. The great law of the Creator, that binds mankind together as members of one body, and the Sciences, are made plain, and the metals transmuted, artificial riches destroyed!" &c.

EDUCATION.

The Office and Work of Universities. By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. London: Longmans. 1856.

THE age of sectarian education is passing away. Oxford even has been thrown open to all, and funds are at this moment being subscribed towards the erection of a Dissenter's College in the very stronghold of Episcopalian exclusiveness. At a Congregation held during last term, the University of Cambridge dispensed, for the first time, with the test of membership of the Church of England; and a batch of grey-haired undergraduates proceeded to avail themselves of that hard-won privilege, for which some of them had been continuously battling in Parliament for a quarter of a century.

In Ireland this principle—so tardily conceded in England—has had a longer and a most successful trial. A large proportion, we believe, of the more distinguished students of Trinity Col-

lege, Dublin, as well as of the newly-constituted Queen's Colleges, are either Roman Catholics, or belong to some sect of Protestant Dissenters.

The present time, then, would seem most inopportune for a movement in the contrary direction; and we have grounds for believing that the new Catholic Irish University, in spite of the magnificence of its scheme, the eminence of its professorial staff, and the munificence of its supporters, is not unlikely to prove a failure; and this too from the very cause—its sectarian character—which at first was supposed to be its greatest element of strength.

Its newly-appointed rector, Dr. Newman, has from time to time contributed anonymously to the *Irish University Gazette*, the organ of the new institution, a series of papers on the general aim and scope of university education, its history, and its prospects. The volume now before us is a republication of these papers. Their style is colloquial and discursive, and, compared with Dr. Newman's previous writings, it might be objected that these letters are somewhat rambling, and apparently even purposeless. Much of this, however, must be laid to the score of the original necessities of newspaper publication; and the volume, if re-written, would probably have lost much of the freshness and pictorial power which now distinguishes it.

Dr. Newman commences by investigating the physical conditions appropriate to the site of a University. With an eloquent pen he sketches the natural features of Athens, the bright and beautiful:

A sort of ideal land; where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited; where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court; where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius; where professors were rulers, and princes did homage.

He describes the noble porticoes, the groves, the walks and fountains, the elasticity and clearness of the air, the near mountain barriers, the rocky shore, and the ceaseless murmur of the blue *Ægean*. From Athens he passes on to mediæval Paris, at the period of her scholastic supremacy, when the University claimed as her domain the entire southern bank of the river; and when fair meadows and shady walks occupied the site of those close and dingy streets now leading to the Luxembourg. Then he touches on the pleasant groves which surround Louvain, and the elms and oaks which environ the Gothic spires of Oxford. Lastly, he comes to Dublin, "close upon the highway of the seas" the capital of

A people which has had a long night and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigour, and Spain in enthusiasm. . . . The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay, and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing University, whither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers, and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from East, West, and South, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, with the ease and rapidity of a locomotion not yet discovered, and last, though not least, from England—all speaking one tongue, all owning one faith, all eager for one large true wisdom; and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good will over all the earth.

Having thus, with somewhat more than Hibernian enthusiasm, fixed upon Dublin as the omphalos of the globe, as, *par excellence*, the site of the world's University, Dr. Newman produces a striking series of pictures of University life as it has existed in all times, and under all conditions—social, political, and religious. First of Athens, and its motley tribe of students—Cleanthes, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero, Horace, St. Gregory, and St. Basil. He describes the academic licence and practical joking of the students, the "town and gown rows" of the fourth century, the trials of a Freshman, and the miserable makeshifts of the penniless scholar. We have pictures of the school of Plato, of the magnificence of Herodes Atticus, and an estimate of the social and intellectual position of the Sophists to which Mr. Grote would find little to object. Next the scene shifts to Alexandria, with its splendid collegiate foundations, its priceless literary treasures, its men of letters and of science; then to Rome, with its strict professorial discipline and its legal studies. Dr. Newman next gives a vivid picture of the desolation conse-

quent on the inroads of the barbarians of the North, and of the extinction of culture and civilisation. In the sixth and seventh centuries Ireland, he informs us, was almost the sole asylum open to the lovers of piety and learning! Probably the notions entertained by the Irish as to what might constitute perfect quietness and security were somewhat more lax than those held in other parts of Europe.

The learned foundations of Charlemagne are then discussed, along with the origin and intention of the elaborate organisation of the University of Paris, its nations and their proctors, the four faculties, and the original theory of degrees.

In his eleventh and twelfth chapters Dr. Newman digresses somewhat from his subject, in order to propound and develop the theory of *Papal Detachment*, a theory which will explain, he tells us, the apparent anomalies of Papal action from the earliest times. This theory is so remarkable, and, in its application, is so opposed to the commonly received notions of Italian history, that we must leave Dr. Newman to state it in his own words:

Detachment is a rare and high Christian virtue. To be detached is to be loosened from every tie which binds the soul to the earth, to be dependent on nothing sublunary, to lean on nothing temporal; it is to care simply nothing what other men choose to think or say of us, or do to us; to go about our own work, because it is our duty, as soldiers go to battle, without a care for the consequences; to account credit, honour, name, easy circumstances, comfort, human affections, just nothing at all, when any religious obligation involves the sacrifice of them. . . . Now this "detachment" is one of the special ecclesiastical virtues of the Popes. They are of all men most exposed to the temptation of secular connexions; and, as history tells us, they have been of all men least subject to it. . . . A great pontiff must be detached from every thing save the deposit of faith, the tradition of the Apostles, and the vital principles of the divine polity. . . . He will be detached from pomp and etiquette, secular rank, secular learning, schools and libraries, Basilicas and Gothic cathedrals, old ways, old alliances, and old friends: pp. (196—200). . . . I find this gift exercises itself in an absolute independence of secular politics, and a detachment from every earthly and temporal advantage: (p. 222.)

Considering then the unerring results of this papal virtue, and considering also "what an independence in policy and vigour in action" (!) have characterised the present Pope, Dr. Newman is confident that the new University now established by a Papal bull will triumphantly succeed.

It is difficult to criticise historical reasoning such as this. We suppose that what we have been accustomed to consider as the political profligacy of Clement VII., the debauchery, cruelty, and avarice of Alexander VI., the licentiousness of Benedict IX., the bellicose self-seeking of Julius II., the learned leisure, and architectural magnificence of Leo X., and the shuffling irresolution of Pius IX., would all prove to be notable and conspicuous illustrations of this high and holy special Papal virtue of detachment. If the prelections from the chair of history in the new University are to be after this fashion, it is indeed high time for the Catholic youth to be withdrawn from the erroneous instruction which elsewhere they would encounter.

Dr. Newman concludes his work by ably summing up the controversy as to the rival advantages of the Tutorial or College system, as pursued at Oxford and Cambridge, and the Professorial or University method, which prevails in Scotland and on the Continent. The balance of advantages lies, no doubt, in a judicious combination of the two systems. The College system is eminently conservative in its tendencies, and a powerful instrument of moral influence. The Professorial system, on the other hand, contains valuable elements of progress: it fosters enthusiasm and intellectual ardour; but the progress made, though more rapid, is not so solid as under the Collegiate system:

It is not easy for a young man to determine for himself whether he has mastered what he has been taught; a careful catechetical training, and a jealous scrutiny into his power of expressing himself, and of turning his knowledge to account, will be necessary, if he is really to profit from the able Professors whom he is attending; and all this he will gain from the College Tutor: (p. 286).

Dr. Newman esteems the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge as the most immovable and most conservative institutions in the empire. "It was against the wall of Magdalen College that James II. ran his head." Among all the reforms of the past thirty years, the Colleges are the only

institutions that have escaped. Even the legislation of the last year or two has meddled only with University abuses, and the College interests have as yet proved stronger than the omnipotence of Parliament.

There is no political power in England like a college in the Universities; it is not a mere local body, as a corporation or London company; it has allies in every part of the country. When the mind is most impressible, when the affections are warmest, when associations are made for life, when the character is most ingenuous and the sentiment of reverence is most powerful, the future landowner, or statesman, or lawyer, or clergyman, comes up to a college in the Universities. There he forms friendships, there he spends his happiest days; and whatever is his career there, brilliant or obscure, virtuous or vicious, in after years, when he looks back on the past, he finds himself bound by ties of gratitude and regret to the memories of his college life. He has unconsciously imbibed to the full the beauty and the music of the *locale*. . . . When he hears that a blow is levelled at the Colleges a chord is struck within him, more thrilling than any other; he burns with *esprit de corps* and generous indignation; and he is driven up to the scene of his early education, under the keenness of his feelings to vote, to sign, to protest, to do just what he is told to do. . . . Thus, wherever you look, to the north or south of England, to the east or west, you find the interest of the Colleges dominant; they extend their roots all over the country, and can scarcely be overturned, certainly not suddenly overturned, without a revolution: (p. 352).

The Genealogical Text-Book of British History. By

WILLIAM HARDCASTLE, Professor of Mathematics and Languages. Fourth Edition. London: Relfe. THE biography of English kings is by no means equivalent to a history of England, and royal genealogies form but a meagre preliminary chapter to royal biographies. This being premised, we may state that Mr. Hardcastle, steering clear of historical matter, has given a clear and concise account of the ancestries and cousinships of British sovereigns; and the pupils' knowledge of these somewhat complicated affinities is then tested by some six hundred searching questions and cross-questions. To the fourth edition of this book is now first added an appendix, equal in bulk to the original work, and in which an account is given of the various European dynasties, together with a summary of the leading events of Continental history. This appendix is, we are sorry to say, very carelessly compiled—indeed, we have hardly been able to find a single page not disfigured by some blunder or inaccuracy. Thus we are told that the third crusade, that led by Richard I., "took place during the reign of Henry II.;" that "the object of the fourth crusade was the destruction of the Greek empire;" and that it was the *fifth* crusade that was headed by St. Louis. Among other novel historical facts, we learn that "during the reign of Henry VI., the imperial throne of Germany was made hereditary in the house of Austria;" and that the Thirty Years' War arose from the election of the Elector Palatine Frederick, as *Emperor*. We may also inform Mr. Hardcastle that Jersey was not ceded to England by the Dutch at the Peace of Breda; that the Emperor Ferdinand did not abdicate in favour of Francis Joseph in the year 1855; and that Louis Philippe was neither *deposed*, nor *compelled* to take refuge in England. We have selected these instances from among a number which we had marked; but they will suffice to show the culpable carelessness of the compilation.

A Practical Dictionary of the French and English Languages. By LEON CONTANSEAU. London: Longmans and Co. 1857.

THE position which M. Contanseau holds as Professor of French Language at the East India Company's College at Addiscombe, gives a *cachet* to his work which entitles it to our respectful attention; and this feeling is considerably increased after the examination which we have made into its merits. It is the result of seven years spent in hard labour, and is based upon the best authorities—the *Dictionnaire de l'Académie* and those of *Boiste*, *Bescherelle* &c., having been consulted from the French, and those of Johnson, Webster, and Richardson, &c. from the English.

The dictionary of M. Contanseau claims to have the new words in use, both in the French and the English languages. Thus we find such words as *revolver*, *stereoscope*, and *potichomanie*, which have been added within the last few years. Compound words, which cannot be translated literally, are also inserted. Thus *stock-broker*—*agent de change*, &c. The different meanings of each word are carefully given; and it is hoped that this will prevent the translation of "that young lady is the richest match in the town" into such nonsense as "*cette jeune demoiselle est la plus riche ALLUMETTE de la ville*;" or, "*in a desperate case*," "*dans un ETUI désespéré*." There are many other advantages in this dictionary, which five minutes' examination of it will better demonstrate to the teacher than a volume of dissertation—not the least important of these is the clear and

beautiful style of printing. Altogether, as a dictionary for the school-room, it must supersede the time-honoured compilation of Levizac.

The Atlas of Universal History. By EDWARD QUIN, M.A., Barrister-at-Law. London: Griffin. *The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography.* Parts 6 to 10. London: Blackie and Co.

THE Atlas of History is original in its design. It presents in a series of maps the world as known at different periods, constructed on a uniform scale and coloured according to the political changes of each period. The plan is thus. Upon a black page is delineated just so much of the earth's surface as was known at the period intended to be represented. By this ingenious contrivance the student is enabled to trace epoch by epoch the progress of discovery, which is thus impressed upon the memory much more clearly than by any merely verbal description. The dark portion of the picture exhibits the space that remained unexplored; so that if the reader desires to know what portion of the earth was discovered at any period desired, the map will show it to him at a glance. The last of the series gives the map of the world at the Peace of Paris. It should be in every school-room and on the table of every reader of history.

The Imperial Atlas is a work on a very large scale, intended to be very complete and to give the very latest discoveries. It is as cheap as it is handsome, each part containing three double maps, coloured, and exquisitely engraved. It should be the household Atlas, and its price enables every housekeeper to possess himself of it.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Ramble through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies. By JOHN SHAW, M.D., Author of "A Tramp to the Diggings," &c., as well as several Pieces of Music for the Flute. London: J. F. Hope.

The Rocky Mountains and Western Deserts: a Narrative of Perilous Adventures in Col. Fremont's Last Expedition. By S. U. CARVALHO, Artist to the Expedition. New York: Derby and Jackson. London: Sampson Low and Co.

Western Border Life; or, What Fanny Hunter saw and heard in Kansas and Missouri. New York: Derby and Jackson, Nassau-street. London: Sampson Low and Co.

DR. SHAW informs us, in the title-page of his *Ramble through the United States, Canada, and the West Indies*, that he is the author of "A Tramp to the Diggings," &c., as well as "several Pieces of Music for the Flute." We hope, for the sake of Dr. Shaw's reputation, that he displays more genius, taste, and elegance in the composition of his "several Pieces of Music for the Flute," than we have been able to discover in the volume now lying before us. We had not read through the first chapter before it was but too evident that we had before us one of those authors of travels who, whatever pleasure they may have taken in their own adventures and travels, certainly have not the art of affording any gratification in the narrative to their readers. Long, involved, and ill-constructed sentences, turgid descriptions, bombastic dissertations, and most lamentable efforts to be lively and "funny," succeed each other in almost every chapter of the book. Do we speak without cause? Let us quote from p. 5 Dr. Shaw's description of his fellow-passengers on board the steamer which conveyed him from Liverpool to the New World.

Our companions consisted of a very motly (*sic*) group of Scotchmen, Germans, Americans and Englishmen, most of them naturalised in the States—many of them eating at meals as if they were taking their last food, and, instead of masticating it, they seemed only to divide their portion into two hemispheres, both of which made a rapid descent down the shaft (*alias* œsophagus), there to be reunited under the especial management of the gastric juice, which would require to be well and strongly concentrated, in order to carry effectually into execution the solution of the large clots of roast beef and divers other eatables, which they swallowed to such a degree that, had the animals been divested of life, one might have concluded they were getting stuffed for some museum.

Is a description like this intended to be humorous or witty? We presume it is; but, though not very fastidious, we confess to us it appears merely excessively *nasty*. The diamonds of Dean Swift's wit were too often hidden beneath a very thick coating of dirt; but with Dr. Shaw, unfortunately, there are no bright gleams to reward us, and no precious jewels lie buried in the dirt he gives us. Perhaps even more offensive is the way in which Dr. Shaw, in the very same sentence, mixes up names, scenes,

and thoughts the most sacred with ideas the very opposite. Take the following reflection (p. 48) as an instance:

When the traveller steps into these scenes and recognises the bear, wolf, lynx, racoon, deer, squirrel, and a host of others of the animal kingdom, he will then discern the wisdom of Providence, and feel the full force of the poet when he exclaimed:

'Tis nought to me;
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes there must be joy.

Shooting here is pretty good. In this locality I did not meet with any woodcocks.

We observe, too, that the Doctor is remarkably fond of fine words; and, if one of five or six syllables can be found that will express the same meaning that a shorter word possesses, he never fails to choose the former. He does not meet a man, but always "an individual;" and so special a favourite is this same "individual" with him, that the word occurs wherever it can be dragged in, even two and three times in the same sentence. Again, though Dr. Shaw is good enough to inform his unlearned readers that "epistaxis" means "bleeding from the nose," yet to give an account of the Indian method of stopping bleeding from the nose would have been far too simple a thing for him; so we are informed of the Indian practice of "arresting hæmorrhage" in a bad case of "epistaxis." We should pity Dr. Shaw if, by any chance he should get into a witness-box before Mr. Justice Coleridge, and talk of his services in a case of "epistaxis."

If the reader wishes for a little more of Dr. Shaw's jocularly, let him read the account given of a repast on board the steamer, at p. 100:

Pope at least, as well as many other writers, never came to the pith of the matter—viz. that the intellectual faculties are strongly developed in proportion as the feet, the legs, arms, as well as the trunk of the body of an individual, are forcibly squeezed. I think there can be no doubt of the existence of intelligent legs, arms, hands, and even heels, or how could philosophers have ever made use of the expression of a *man of parts*, without having a direct allusion to those very valuable, although very inferior, members of the British constitution? Deep and intelligent parts, such as the foot our tall lecturer, previously described, possessed—being unusually large, with a shoe big enough for a foot to promenade in it, with an enormous heel for a companion—must have possessed a high amount of intelligence, and, like a sound argument, must have carried great weight with them wherever they went, especially if it happen to be upon the tender foot of some gouty individual. Admitting, then, that intellect diffuses itself through the individual like electricity, it must be clearly demonstrated that, if a man is so placed as to be squeezed from his feet to his neck, an extraordinary and sudden intellectual inflation of his head must be the result.

We have not space enough to quote the whole of this precious chapter; but, as we have given a specimen of Dr. Shaw's comic powers, it is but fair that we cite an instance of his serious mood. Let us take his description of the late Daniel Webster, to whom he was introduced on board the steamer:—

Mr. Webster is what every genius, and what every great and good man, I think, ought to be—a magnificent specimen of a man. He possesses a noble figure, being tall but not thin; strong, without being coarse [would, by-the-by, we could say as much for Dr. Shaw!], with a head at the top [where else should it be?] of his majestic figure, which clearly pronounces him to be one of the noblest monarchs of his species, and that without a crown; and his title to nobility consists in its being duly registered in that sphere whose *King of Arms* claims for himself besides the title of *King of Kings* and *Lord of Lords*. Mr. Webster's title did not descend to him from his father, but from his God; not from his paternal ancestor, but from his Heavenly Father: (p. 111.)

At Baltimore the Doctor stopped at Mr. Head's hotel. He gives us the following graphic description of the worthy proprietor:

Mr. Head is one of the old school of America. . . . He wears the waistcoat so as entirely to cover the bust, being very long, and fitting close up to the neck; with very little hair, nicely smoothed over a very handsome and venerable head, the very opposite of a state of erection, not at all having that terrified appearance as when brushed the contrary way, but hanging down in the natural direction, just as nature's barber intended it to be worn: (p. 130.)

While at Baltimore, the devout and gallant Doctor went to church, and was shown into a pew, which at first he had entirely to himself, when "all of a sudden a very elegantly-attired lady walked up to the pew-door," which Dr. Shaw politely opened, though keeping at the same time at a very respectful distance. How

he was affected let him tell in his own eloquent language:

All the other seats were completely crammed except our own; and being alone with one of the most elegant specimens of fair women, I felt not a little proud of the position I held; and a plague seize on that stringent etiquette which places a barrier between a grateful heart and a beautiful woman! (p. 133.)

What was the name of the church, the style of its architecture, the nature of the sermon, or the power of the preacher, we have not a syllable told us. Dr. Shaw's "very elegantly attired lady" seems to have concentrated all his devotional feelings upon herself. The Doctor shows himself an ardent admirer of the sex on every possible occasion. A little further on, in chapter IX., we find him stopping at Richmond, where while the train stopped he observed two remarkably fine girls gracefully walking over the hill, displaying the most perfect figures he thinks he ever beheld, which instantly brought to his recollection the good old-fashioned song of "Sweet lass of Richmond-hill!"

I regretted very much having passed so rapidly (says our author) through this town, so rich in female beauty, if I may judge from seeing only two specimens. What so charming to the traveller wending his way through woods and swamps as to gratify the eye with the sight of a *living Venus*! (p. 138.)

We have a very full account given us in the Doctor's peculiar style of the St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans. The sight of the guests guesting to the dinner suggests a comparison which no one but a man of Dr. Shaw's originality could have imagined.

Such is the eager and hasty rush to the dining-table, and the numbers so vast, that you might suppose the richest man in the town had died and bequeathed something to each citizen, with every man on the tiptoe, half *plérenzy* (*sic*) with excitement to know who the lucky man might be to take possession of the mansion and estate of the good departed (p. 29.)

Chapter XI. Dr. Shaw devotes to the question of education; and a more weary tissue of truisms and platitudes we never read than the Doctor's own reflections. It is only fair, however, to add that he quotes largely from other writers, whose conclusions and statistical results are of great value; and that many a good laugh will be enjoyed by the patient reader at the *outré* nature of our learned author's similes and comparisons. Here is one:

A good teacher ought to be capable of taking the same view of the mental faculties as a *skilled butcher* does that of an ox, who by merely touching it upon its hinder parts, flank, and chest, is capable of calculating its weight: (p. 251.)

A great portion of Dr. Shaw's book is filled with long extracts of speeches reported in the American newspapers, from reviews, magazine articles, and authors who have written on the history of the United States. These serious topics are enlivened every now and then with some joke or comic story, the point of which, however, we have been obtuse enough unfortunately, on one or two occasions, not to feel at all. For instance, what can be the meaning of this?

The Mayor's daughter afterwards introduced herself to me and said, "I am from Derbyshire, England; and such is my attachment to that dear old country, that I would prefer having what Sir Robert Peel had for his dinner, any day of the week, than pay a visit to Virgil's tomb."

Now surely Dr. Shaw should have given us a clue to the enjoyment of the humour of this speech. At all events, we should have had some information afforded us; and as the Doctor was kind enough to tell us, as we have already seen, that *epistaxis* means "bleeding of the nose," he should also have told us, at least, what it was "Sir Robert Peel had for dinner every day." We regret extremely that we have not space enough to quote much more from Dr. Shaw's volume; but, having given a few prose extracts, it is but fair that the courteous reader should see what the result is when our worthy disciple of Galen "dedicates his behaviour" to the Muses. First let us give the whole of the Doctor's sublime address to the sea:

Oh! mighty ocean, boundless sea
What thoughts arise from viewing thee—
Of friends and distant home that's dear,
Oh, kindly thought! thou bring'st them near.
When sailing on thy billows da-hing
Amid the storm with lightnings flashing,
Or in sweet calm, with sleeping wind,
Thou soothest the contemplative mind!
And may I ne'er forget the Ocean,
That fills my soul with sweet emotion;
And when on land I'm far from thee,
My thoughts shall turn to thee, beautiful Sea!
JOHN SHAW.

Lest this should leave too serious an impression, we will conclude our notice of Dr. Shaw's book with the song which he wrote on board the steamer as she encountered a heavy gale in the Gulf of Mexico:—

SONG.

When on the foaming ocean sailing,
With stormy skies and winds bewailing,
The mariner gaily scuds the sea,
With heart and soul both frank and free.

CHORUS.

Then take your pipe and glass, my boys,
And let us join in sailor's joys;
And drink to beautiful girls, that love
Just as well as angels that live above.

And may old Titi's motley crew
In the right track her path pursue,
Until she has reached that distant shore
Where passengers and friends will part no more.

CHORUS.

Then take your pipe, &c.

And if we should not all agree
In our journeying through this beautiful sea,
We shall only resemble old ocean's waters,
And also compare with Eve's beautiful daughters.

CHORUS.

Then take your pipe, &c.

Who beautiful both with pretty faces,
Sometimes do show some queer grimaces,
But soon recover their beautiful smile,
And, like a sick stomach, get rid of their bile!

JOHN SHAW.

We remember to have heard the following story of the late Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, from one who was present when the scene occurred:—"What is your name, sir?" demanded the Provost of a trembling student, whose genius did no credit to his Alma Mater. "John Shaw, sir," was the faltering answer. "How spelt, pray?" said the Provost. "S H A W, sir," replied the student. "It should have been *Shaw*, sir!" roared out the Provost. Can the author of the *Ramble through the United States* be the veritable original of T.C.D.?

Dr. Shaw is singularly unfortunate in his printer; for the mistakes that occur in the book, especially when a Latin quotation or French expression is introduced, are excessively absurd. The "errata" contains seven; but that cannot be a tenth part of the errors we have met with. The Doctor speaks of the *men's sana incorpore sano*, which can only be paralleled by the old Joe Miller of "the *men's and women's conscia recti*." But we must remember we have other claimants on our notice, and authors of a very different class to Dr. Shaw. To say that his book is dull or heavy would be untrue, for we confess we have had considerable difficulty at times in restraining our laughter within the bounds of moderation. Dr. Shaw is certainly one who, in his vocation as author, stands alone. We have never yet met his fellow, nor do we think it probable that we shall in our experience ever "look upon his like again."

A very different work altogether is Mr. Carvalho's account of his travels and adventures in the Far West. The style is simple, manly, and unaffected. The incidents narrated are in general transcripts from original letters, written in the familiar style of friendly intercourse. And one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Carvalho's book—his description of the journey from the great Salt Lake City—is, as he informs us, an exact copy of his journal, written after many days of wearisome travel.

Never was an expedition undertaken with less preparation than our author's journey across the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. On the 22nd of August 1853, after a short interview with the renowned Colonel Fremont, Mr. Carvalho accepted his invitation to accompany him as the artist of his projected exploring expedition. Mr. Carvalho states that, if any person had suggested to him half an hour previously the probability of his undertaking an overland journey to California, even over the emigrant route, he would have answered there were no inducements sufficiently powerful to have tempted him. Yet in this instance such was the strange influence exercised by Colonel Fremont over our author, as well as all who were brought into communication with him, that he passed his word impulsively, without even a consultation with his family, to join the exploring party, over a country hitherto untrodden by the traveller, and with the full expectation of being exposed in an elevated region to all the inclemencies of an Arctic winter. Colonel Fremont's character is well brought out in the various incidents narrated in this interesting volume. His former extraordinary exploring expeditions, his astronomical and geographical contributions to the useful sciences, and his successful pursuit of them under great difficulties, were such as to render him in our author's eyes

the beau ideal of all that was chivalrous and noble.

The party was composed of somewhat heterogeneous materials, consisting of twenty-two persons, of whom ten were Delaware Indian chiefs, and two Mexicans. The expedition was fitted out, our author has every reason to believe, at Col. Fremont's sole expense; his principal officers being Mr. Egloffstein, topographical engineer, and Mr. Fuller, assistant engineer, while Mr. Carvalho accompanied the party as artist and daguerreotypist. A very considerable portion of the book is devoted to an account of the Mormon settlements in Utah, where Mr. Carvalho resided for three months. These chapters startle us by their marvellous revelations; but our author assures us that the episodes which he relates of Mormon life, he has given almost verbatim from personal relations by the parties themselves, and not by hearsay. Indeed, to prove the truth of some of his statements with reference to the moral and ecclesiastical views of these self-styled Latter-day Saints, he has given at the end of his volume, several very curious sermons and addresses, several of which were delivered during his residence in Utah by President Brigham Young and his "apostles," as they are termed, and reported by Mr. G. D. Watt, of the Great Salt Lake City.

The balls, theatres, amusements, and secular life of the Mormons, of which we have given us a very full and detailed account, are hardly less curious than their religious belief and ceremonies. We regret that our space prevents us from making any extract from these highly interesting chapters; but, that our readers may see that we have not improperly characterised Mr. Carvalho's style as simple, manly, and unaffected, we give his account of one of the most extraordinary of his adventures, viz., his visit to the Great Vinegar Lake. The party had camped on a place called Corn Creek, about thirty-three miles from Fillmore City on the route to California. The whole country here is of volcanic origin; black cinders abound on the mountains, and sulphur in large quantities lies on the open ground in the ravines, while mountains of pure solid transparent rock-salt rear their majestic heads in Joab valley. On May the 16th we learn that Mr. Carvalho made the discovery of

THE VINEGAR LAKE.

Wakara, the Utah chief, one of the Indians who accompanied us, informed me that a few miles from our present camp there was a most extraordinary vinegar lake, where all bad spirits dwell—a place where a living animal was never seen, and near which there was no vegetation. Our interpreter told me he had heard before of such a lake, but placed no faith in it. Wakara said he would go along and show us the place. Being anxious and determined to explore, and make some discovery which might benefit science, if any was to be made on this journey, induced several Mormons to make up a party sufficiently large to insure us against an Indian surprise. The next morning we left the main trail, and proceeded about two miles in an easterly direction towards the base of the Warsatch range. Our path was covered with large quantities of obsidian, and presented every indication that the lake we were approaching was of volcanic origin. Before the lake was in sight, the atmosphere became gradually unpleasant to inhale, leaving a sulphurous taste on the palate. The approach to the lake was for the last five hundred yards over limestone rock, carbonised evidently from great heat, at some remote period. . . . Being determined to examine further, we descended the lime formation for about one hundred feet; this brought us immediately to the spot. Its appearance indicated, from the character of the surrounding country, that it had evidently been a lake; it now looked like the dry bed of what was once a lake. The surface was covered with an efflorescence to the depth of a foot, more solid, however, as you dig into it, composed of impure alum, and most probably formed by the action of sulphuric acid on feldspathic rock. Further towards the base of the mountain which bounded it on the east side I found large quantities of pure crystallised alum, and also pure sulphur. This efflorescence which covers the lake might be composed by the spontaneous evaporation of a mixture of sulphate of iron and tersulphate of alumina, excess of sulphuric acid being present. We, with great caution, began walking over this surface, and discovered that it undulated with the weight of our bodies. I felt as if walking on thin ice which bent without breaking beneath my weight. As we approached the centre we heard a roaring, which our Indian said was caused from "big fire below. . . . I put my ear close to the earth, and was almost sure it proceeded from the escape of gas or the passage of water. With a pickaxe, brought for exploring purposes, an orifice about a foot in diameter was dug. The axe was suddenly driven through, when a yellow muddy liquid gushed forth

in a continued stream. I tasted the fluid, when, to my surprise, it was a strong acid, which immediately set my teeth on edge. Sulphuric acid in large proportions was present; this crust, of over a mile in diameter, was resting on the surface of this immense body of diluted sulphuric acid. Oxide of iron in large quantities is to be found cropping out of the base of the mountains; sulphur also in large quantities is also present. These materials, acted upon by volcanic heat, will produce a white powder which partakes of the character of the substance forming the covering to the lake. In the neighbourhood of some volcanoes sulphuric acid is found impregnated with lime and baryta, both of which are abundant on the margins of this wonderful lake. The roaring is evidently caused by the force of the liquid through some subterranean cavern. Over this vast field of efflorescent sulphate of oxide of iron there are no signs of vegetation. . . . The sulphuretted hydrogen gas, which impregnates the atmosphere, prevents birds or other animals from inhabiting or resorting to its neighbourhood. This gas I judge to be generated by the action of diluted sulphuric acid on protosulphate of iron, all which ingredients are to be found here. Feeling ill effects from inspiring this gas, I finished my examinations quickly, and sought a purer atmosphere. I made a drawing of the lake and surrounding mountains. This extraordinary place had probably never before been examined by a white man. None of the many Mormons who were present, and to whom I related the particulars, had ever explored it. It lies directly at the base of the Warsatch mountains, in about 38° 26' latitude, and the same longitude as Fillmore city, from whence it is distant nearly thirty-five miles south.

To those of our readers who delight in narratives of the wild and wonderful, we heartily commend to their notice Mr. Carvalho's interesting volume.

The last work which we have to notice, *Western Border Life*, is the first production of the authoress, who sends it forth anonymously, and, as she very modestly says in a dedication to her father, tremblingly alive to its many imperfections. It is, in fact, a picture of the social and moral life of Kansas and the border counties of Missouri, in connection with the great contest now pending between the principles of Slavery and Freedom. As a qualification for the task which she has undertaken, the authoress mentions that she has, by a long residence as a familiar member of a family in the further part of Missouri, become thoroughly well acquainted with the actual condition of the life that she describes. The chief interest of the story consists in the efforts of Fanny Hunter, a faithful Christian teacher from New England, to do good among her half-savage and ill-disciplined pupils, not only in the schoolroom but in the family circle. The difficulties she has to encounter, and the means by which she at last achieves success, are very pleasingly narrated. On the whole, considering that *Western Border Life* is the first venture of the authoress before the literary world, it is a work that displays considerable promise of future excellence.

FICTION.

Poisoners and Propagandists; or, a Developed Age. 2 vols. London: Westerton.

ANOTHER of the class of fictions against which we have steadily protested—fiction used for the purposes of sectarian controversy. This one is levelled at Roman Catholicism, and at Puseyism as the alleged pathway to it. The objections have been often repeated. Such books substitute abuse for argument, prejudice for conviction; they are necessarily unfair, and they are perversions of art. Moreover, this one is not clever. It is very dull as well as very illogical.

Lena Rivers. By MARY J. HOLMES. New York: Miller. London: Trübner.

A LIVELY American novel, admirably painting life and character in New England. The authoress assures us that Joel Slocom and Mary Scovandye are not overdrawn; but for this we should have looked upon them as clever and extremely amusing caricatures. She appears to be a faithful copyist of scenery, and some of her landscapes are brilliant. There is a freshness in this fiction which will make it very welcome to readers wearied of the hundred times repeated incidents and personages of our modern English novels.

Niobe: a Tale of Real Life. By BESSIE SANDER TURNER. London: Saunders and Ouley.

Mrs. (or Miss) Turner should not have rushed into print without more practice. The style wants polish. Inexperience is visible in every page. She has a quick fancy and a lively perception of character, but she must learn the art of well expressing what she wants to say.

The Ocean Child; or, Showers and Sunshine: a Tale of Girlhood. By Mrs. HARRIET MYRTLE. London: Addey and Co.

WE can recommend this story for children. The authoress understands the ways of thought in a child, and addresses herself to the young mind, not by affecting simplicity of words, but by presenting to it simple ideas and making her language as pictorial as possible. The tale is commonplace enough; but it is so prettily and pleasantly told, that the reader is sure to take an interest in it, and to learn insensibly the useful lessons sought to be conveyed by it.

Long, Long Ago: an Autobiography. By MARY LITTLE. London: Mozley.

A FICTION in the form of autobiography, gracefully written, full of incident, and so interesting that the reader who begins will end it.

Clover Cottage; or, I can't get in: a Novelette. By the author of "The Falcon Family," &c. London: Chapman and Hall.

ONE of the liveliest of the lively fictions of the author, whom we are delighted to find still among the living, for some time ago he was reported dead. *Clover Cottage* is a sort of dramatic tale, the first page presenting to the reader a list of the *dramatis personæ* in the regular play fashion. It is a short, smart sketch, farcical in its incidents, and humorous in its dialogues and descriptions. But its brevity fits it better for a magazine than for a volume.

Flowers and Moonshine. By DUDU. London: Richardson.

A COLLECTION of original Christmas tales for children, prettily written, in language adapted to the comprehension of children, and illustrated with quaint drawings in outline, full of character. It will be an acceptable new year's gift.

Queen Leta and the Mistletoe: a Fairy Rhyme for the Fireside. By George Hulse. (London: Addey)—A Christmas book in rhyme, respectably written, with illustrations, and elegantly bound, adapting it for presents and prizes.

The Ladder of Life: a Heart History. By Amelia Edwards—is an interesting addition to Routledge's cheap series of original novels.

A Ray of Light to Brighton Cottage Homes (London: Nisbet and Co.) is designed to teach the value of a knowledge of common things. It is an excellent design admirably executed. The volume should be circulated everywhere.

The Play-Day Book; or, New Stories for Little Folks. By Fanny Fern (London: Knight and Son)—is a new contribution from the lively pen that has so often amused young and old.

Uncle Peregrine; or, Annals and Incidents of Romantic Adventure (London: Nisbet)—is a stirring story of adventures in hunting and fishing, exploring new countries, perils by land and by sea, such as boys delight to read of and long to face. For such this will be a glorious book.

Daisy's Necklace: and what came of it. By F. B. Aldrich. (New York: Derby and Co. London: S. Low and Son).—An extravaganza, full of humour, adapted to the taste of our time—a vicious one, we confess—but still it is a fashion, and books that address themselves to it are sure to find readers.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Sakountalâ; or, the Lost Ring: an Indian Drama. Translated into English prose and verse by MONTER WILLIAMS, M.A. Third Edition. Hertford: Austen.

THIS is an excellent translation from the Sanskrit of Kâlidâsa, the most popular poet of India. Kâlidâsa is, beyond doubt, richly entitled to his fame, since his dramas and poems after the lapse of nineteen hundred years have an interest for Europeans. Professor Wilson has made us acquainted with some of the works of this celebrated poet, and we think we are correct in stating that during the last three years we have noticed in our columns two volumes of translation from the same author by Mr. Griffiths. Kâlidâsa is the Shakspeare of India, and like our own "sweet swan of Avon," very little is known of his personal history. The drama, *Sakountalâ*, which Mr. Williams has so ably translated, is the finest production of the poet. Some of our readers may be able to call to mind Goethe's and Schlegel's high opinion of this drama. As a proof of its popularity at the present day, Mr. Williams quotes an authority which appeared too late for his former editions. The authority was found in the *Bombay Times*, which announced, through an advertisement, that on Saturday, 3rd of February 1855, the Hindu drama "Shakuntalâ" would be performed. We have read the

drama as translated by Mr. Williams with renewed interest and pleasure. England can boast of great and glorious names in her list of dramatists, especially within the last three hundred years; but it should modify our pride to know that Kâlidâsa of nineteen hundred years ago is not dwarfed when he stands side by side with our greatest. If our readers will only turn to this drama they will find it rich in fancy, consummate in plot, and truly beautiful in its exposition of nature. They will find also, whether the force of diction be considered or the sharpness of idea, that this translation has lost little by its transformation into our language. Mr. Williams is, therefore, justly entitled to our English thanks for having imported some new beauties to this our English soil.

Gonzaga di Capponi: a Dramatic Romance. By HENRY SOLLY. London: Longmans.

THERE can be no doubt that the branch of literature which has shown the most decadence is the dramatic. Melpomene has no home in our midst; she is little better than a houseless wanderer. At not unfrequent intervals she knocks sorrowfully at the doors of our great theatres, and asks admittance. What should move her now most easily to tears is the fact that, while she is vainly demanding entrance, some flaunting harlot, in the form of a French *vaudeville*, trips insolently by, and gains instant access to the stage. After all, there may be nobody to blame for this. We have a few great actors—men who can "hold the mirror up to nature;" but as *all* actors are not great, we are not sure that the public is wrong in accepting a light representation, cleverly rendered, rather than endure the mutilation of the great dramatists. Intellect is now so cultivated that it only cares to see histrionic genius represent dramatic genius. Mr. Solly, it seems, does not require or seek the stage, either to heighten or depress his muse; but we can assure him that though he has done his best to make, in a theatrical sense, his drama unrepresentative, yet he has not succeeded. With some curtailments, *Gonzaga di Capponi* would be a sterling stage-play. Historically, its story is of keen interest; while the action is progressive, and frequently intense; and the individuality of the characters—always the highest test of a good drama—is very marked. Riccia is a fine womanly creation; while Lando and Gonzaga would make the fortune of some actors. Even looking at this drama merely as a work for private reading, it has enough fine thought and feeling to repay a careful perusal.

The Poetry of the East. By WILLIAM R. ALGER. London: Low and Son.

IT is reasonable to infer that translations from Oriental poetry meet with ample encouragement, or so many would not be published. They are evidently growing into European repute, and this new volume by Mr. Alger will be received with pleasure, since it is interesting from its novelty and attractive from its variety. It consists of translations of Hindu, Persian, and Arab thoughts, metrically rendered from the original prose, and which are full of sentiment and fancy. Still further, it consists of original metrical compositions, in which merely the character and style are Oriental. These brief pithy poems are replete with wisdom, and the liveliness of the fancy is made subservient to sober instruction. An hour cannot be better spent than in a perusal of Mr. Alger's *Poetry of the East*.

Craigcrook Castle. By GERALD MASSEY. Second Edition. London: Bogue.

WE are glad in being able to hail the second edition of Mr. Massey's latest volume, not only on the author's own account, but as a proof that the relish for genuine poetry is neither dead nor dying among us. In the present edition many of those stanzas and compound epithets, to which many friendly critics took exception in the former edition, have been expunged, and others less objectionable have been substituted in their stead. In its present improved form, *Craigcrook Castle* bids fair to win at least as wide a popularity as the "Ballad of Babe Christabel" and the blood-warm poems by which it was accompanied.

Sir Edwin Gilderoy: a Ballad. By Feltham Burghley (London: J. Chapman)—will be more valued for the preface than for the poetry. The introductory history of Sir Edwin Gilderoy fills more than half the volume. It is somewhat needlessly expanded by commentary and reflections, which could well be spared; but it is worth reading for all that. As for the poetry, the less said about it the better.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Household Manager: being a practical treatise upon the various duties in large or small establishments, from the drawing-room to the kitchen. By CHARLES PIERCE. London: Geo. Routledge and Co. 1857.

ONE would think that by this time the art of housekeeping should be pretty well understood by the ladies of the present generation. Treatises enough upon the subject have been written, and, if only the half of what they contain has really entered into the hearts of their readers, there ought to be by this time no such thing as a cold shoulder of mutton or an ill-done pancake in the country. Yet, to speak the truth (and a pretty wide experience gives us some right to pronounce authoritatively upon the subject), things appear to be in very much the same condition as when our fathers growled and grumbled and eventually invented the great expedient of clubhouses in self-defence. There may be a little more gloss upon the surface, the general purveyors may do their work a little better, more reliance may be placed upon the pastry-cook (though that always has the drawback of increasing the weekly bills), and occasionally a spasmodic effort, hinting faintly of a proper state of things, may be accomplished upon great occasions; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred dinners are the same unsatisfactory solemnities that they have ever been; whilst the "pot-luck" presents the same stolid indifference to improvement and the same conservative obstinacy in favour of antiquated abuses which has long rendered it the bane of domestic happiness and the one great stumbling-block in the way of connubial bliss.

Let us consider the matter gravely, and let us exhort our female friends to perpend seriously what we say. There is no use in blinking the question, far less in dismissing it with a contemptuous toss of the head, and an assertion that sensible people ought to care very little about eating and drinking, and that the management of these things is proper only for servants. Nothing can be more fallacious. Good living or bad living makes just the difference between happiness or unhappiness, between health or sickness, between a calm untroubled serenity or a life full of annoyance and discord. Sensible people are precisely those who care most about their eating and drinking. If a man tells you that he doesn't care what he has for his dinner, you may set him down for either a fool or a hypocrite. How, indeed, can it be otherwise? It is as plain as a syllogism. Bad cooking is slow poison; therefore the woman who gives her husband bad cookery is killing him as surely as if she gave him a dose of arsenic, or a paper of those "quietners" which are so fashionable among the Bolton ladies. If we wanted to kill a man, we should not take him by the throat and beat his brains out, as the late Mr. Marley did by poor Richard Cope, nor should we give him strychnine in his pills, as Mr. Palmer did for John Parsons Cook; but we should take him through a course of leathery steaks and underdone chops; we should inoculate him with a passion for Welsh rarebits and similar abominations; we should scheme craftily to gain the assistance of certain plain cooks whom we know of; and if they did not kill him as dead as a herring within six months, we are quite sure that neither poison nor life-preserver would be of any effectual service. Now, to revert to our syllogism, it is clear that no man can expect any very great amount of connubial felicity when he is undergoing the process of being poisoned by inches. In point of fact, nothing can be more clearly proved by daily experience than that the way in which a man's table is furnished exercises a very important influence over his sum of happiness. To quote Lady Morgan, whose theories about domestic felicity are notoriously of the soundest:

To your casseroles then, women of Britain, would you, "with a falconer's voice," lure your faithless tassels back again? Apply to the practical remedy of your wrongs—proceed to the reform of your domestic government, and turn your thoughts to that art which, coming into action every day in the year during the longest life, includes within its circle the whole philosophy of economy and order, the preservation of good health and of the tone of good society—and all peculiarly within your province! The greatest women of all ages—from Sarah, the Mother of the Faithful, to a Sévigné—have not disdained its study and its practice. One quarter of the time you now give to other things, if devoted to the philosophy of

your larders and your pantries, to the doctrines of a pure culinary literature, would furnish your husbands' tables with elegance and science, and prove that one exquisite little dinner (the table round and the guests few), if dressed with science and illumined by wit, is worth all the great feasts and fastidious banquets that ever were given, if considered as a means to the end of bringing those together whom nature has joined and family dinners have put asunder.

This is a long quotation, and contains some nonsense; but it is useful to a certain extent as the testimony of a well-bred woman in favour of our view of the question. Why should not cookery be made a subject of instruction in the schools and seminaries? That is a question which we should like to hear properly discussed, not by Miss Monfathers and her starved sisterhood, but by those instructresses of our future wives who really have at heart the importance and dignity of their calling. And once for all, let us explain that by cookery we do not refer to basting joints of beef and such like gross operations, any more than, having laid it down for a law that it is the duty of the lady of the house to keep the house neat, we should expect her to scrub the floors. The cooking of large joints necessitates the exposure of the operator to large fires. No gallant gentleman could permit his wife to run the risk of a red face and a taste for gin, which that seems invariably to produce. The actual execution of such things may be left in the case of the joints to the plain cook, in that of the floors to the char-woman; but when we refer to cookery as a ladylike accomplishment, we mean that profound and scientific knowledge of the theory which would render the mistress superior to her more practical servant, and would make the latter so submissive by the very power of superior knowledge that it would be more than her place was worth to send up an inferior dinner; we refer to that skilful dexterity which persons of refined taste only can acquire, in the concoction of those delicate little dishes which constitute, as it were, the poetry of a dinner—to that ready invention which is equal to every emergency, and is always ready to determine what is the best thing to be done when a sudden occasion arises, such as a friend dropping in without notice, or the husband returning from business unusually tired and harrassed—finally, to that coquetry of the art which whole volumes of phrases cannot explain, but which every one will understand who has ever had the good fortune to know a real lady-cook, a veritable *cordon bleu*. We are quite sure that such an accomplishment would be of infinitely greater service to a young lady than three-fourths of what she will learn at a finishing seminary. Imagine for a moment (just by way of sketching out a plan) a well-appointed house in one of the pleasantest suburbs of London, say Richmond, fitted up expressly for a model finishing seminary upon our plan. The principal should be a lady of taste, breeding, and refinement, by no means a Miss Monfathers, and as different as possible from Mrs. Meeres of Battersea. Such a house should contain all that is generally to be found in a well-appointed household: the kitchen should be complete in its resources, and the housekeeping department planned with a view to comfort, elegance, and economy. The garden should be well laid out, with hothouse, greenhouse, and other appliances. In this seminary we would have neither geography nor the use of the globes; painting on velvet should be utterly unknown there; German and English history should be unheard of; but the sole object should be to make the pupils fit to become the mistresses of their future homes, and able to make those homes happy and comfortable. Over the kitchen should preside some scientific professor, whose knowledge of the *physiologie du gout* should be beyond all question. There should be a first, second, and third class; the lowest should take charge of the *pot au feu* and the simpler operations, such as boiling and baking; thence the fair young acholytes should be promoted to roasting and stewing; finally they should arrive at the more delicate performance of frying, and be instructed in those secrets of advanced science which proclaim the finished chef. Then there would be the pre-serving and the pickling, and the useful operations of liqueur-making, punch-making (for their future lords, of course), jelly-making, beef-tea making, whitewine-whey making, chicken-broth making, and gruel-making (these last for the sick bed), and lemonade making;—none of these should be neglected. They should be able to cook a cutlet or dish up an omelette at five minutes' notice; toasted cheese should not be

beneath their notice, nor a *mayonnaise de homard* too difficult for them. They should know how to use up scraps, so that scraps should be a blessing rather than an abomination. In fine, there should be nothing in the entire science of Rundell, Glasse, Bregion, Kitchener, Ude, Soyer, or Carême, with which they should not be perfectly acquainted. On high-days and holidays, in order to give a taste of their quality, select dinners should be given to the friends and relations of the pupils, to be prepared by the first class, under the superintendence of the chef; and if the truth must be spoken, we confess that upon these occasions we should not like to be absent. Nor is this all. At this model seminary all the branches of good housekeeping should be taught—the best method of making tea and of serving it, the management of a drawing-room (which not one lady in five hundred who has one understands), in a word, the whole art of making home happy. The cultivation of the garden should also be attended to in the model seminary; for no taste can be more graceful or more fitting to a lady than a taste for flowers. Many other useful subjects of instruction would also present themselves, as experience developed the plan which we pretend only to sketch out.

Is this chimerical, utopian, absurd, and impossible? We think not; we believe that such establishments would be of the greatest service to the community; and, what is more, we believe that the day is not far distant when these visions will become realities.

But it is time that we said something about Mr. Pierce and his book; and, if the truth must be spoken, we confess that it is an amusing rather than an instructive book. We have read it very carefully through, and it has not taught us a single new fact. It is Brillat de Savarin's "Physiologie," Walker's "Original," and the "Art of Dining" *réchauffées*, and not much the better for being second-hand. The old familiar anecdotes meet us at every page—Vatel sticking himself with his sword, and the eternal Frenchman who made his fortune by salad-making. Whatever there may be new under the sun, it is certainly not to be found in this volume. Besides which, there are some flat heresies promulgated by it. We could pardon Mr. Pierce for misspelling *mayonnaise* twice in one page; but we never can forgive his praise of the odious *diner à la Russe*, where the table is covered with fruit, flowers, and gimcracks, and the comely joints are carved by lackeys at the sideboard. A fico for such dinners! say we. We like "to see our dinner," and dare not leave to the ignorance of a servant the delicate task of carving a haunch or dissecting a canvas-back. Such feasts of the Barmecide are but empty vanities, and bear the same relation to a proper dinner that a jack-and-dandy does to a well-dressed gentleman.—*Avant!*

Nor do we see any very great use in the information which Mr. Pierce affords respecting how to give dinners to thirty persons. We never give dinners to thirty persons. No sensible man ever tries to give a dinner to thirty persons. Never since this world was created did thirty persons ever dine together successfully and satisfactorily. According to Mr. Walker, eight *convives* is the very extreme number that can be brought together; we prefer six, and think four the best of all. Whoever the jackass may have been whom Mr. Pierce designates as "a young gentleman of fortune," who dined thirty persons "at a villa on the banks of the Thames," at a cost of 5*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* per head, we neither know nor care; but we certainly shall not take him for our model in dinner-giving, and have no desire to participate in his ostentatious festivities. Young indeed must he have been, and pitted must he be in spite of his large fortune. But when Mr. Pierce talks of dinners "for 500, or 1000, or even a party of 2000," it is sheer madness. Profane not with the name of dinner the huge feeding-match which came off in Wynnstay Park, when Sir Watkin had thirty bullocks and fifty large hogs slain, with calves, sheep, lambs, and turkeys to match for the repelation of fifteen thousand boors of Wales. Judging from the bill of fare, the provisions must have been consumed raw, in the

* The phrase reminds us of a story which, as far as we know, has never yet been printed. A Manchester man, who (unlike Manchester men in general) was not given to the virtue of hospitality, asked a friend to take pot-luck with him. Two chops only made their appearance. "Well," said the Amphitryon, "tis very unlucky, but you see *sour dinner*." "Aye," replied his friend (drawing the dish to himself, "but where, the fourth letter of the alphabet, is *your*?"

Abyssinian fashion; and to the thoughtful spectator it must have been a matter of difficulty to distinguish which were the Welsh farmers and which the "large hogs." We remember a story told us by our grandmother about this gorging business: how, when the finger-glasses were passed round, a fellow took one up and drank every drop of the water which it contained, and, when a servant advanced to replenish the vessel, he said that he had quite enough. Can the feeding of such benighted bucolicals be considered a dinner? We throw not.

Enough. The best book upon this subject is yet unwritten—and who knows, when the fit is on, and leisure serves, what may ensue?

The Journal of Sacred Literature and Biblical Record. Edited by the Rev. HENRY BURGESS, LL.D., Ph.D., Member of the Royal Society of Literature. No. VIII. January, 1857. London: Alexander Heylin. 8vo. pp. 250.

This number of the *Journal of Sacred Literature* contains the usual variety of original papers on subjects more or less closely related to Biblical science. It is often supposed that this publication is intended only for the clergy or other learned men; but it will be found that the greater part of the contents are such as ought to interest laymen of ordinary education and intelligence. For instance: we have now before us a very interesting essay on "Revision of Translations of the Holy Scriptures," in which popular and ignorant objections are met most conclusively. The writer does not himself see any urgent demand for revision; but he has no sympathy with the fears professed to be entertained by Lords Shaftesbury and Pannure, or by such divines as Dr. Cumming, who think Protestantism and even the Christian religion itself will be endangered if an effort is made to bring the English Bible closer to the sacred originals. Following this is a defence of the consecration of Sunday to exclusively holy uses; a paper on the word "Hellenist," by the Rev. W. Kay, Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; and others on "The Will Divine and Human," the "Ignatian Epistles," "The Septuagint Version," &c., &c. There is also a large amount of correspondence by Dr. Tregelles, Dr. Hincks, Mr. Bosanquet, Professor Selwyn, and others.

A shilling edition of Emerson's *English Traits* has been published by Knight and Son.

The Home Traveller; Thoughts on London Scenes and Life. By Eliza Maskell. (Seeley and Co.)—Thoughts, chiefly religious and moral, suggested by London streets and the objects seen in them. There is no novelty in them; they are such as would occur to any reflective mind; but perhaps they will not, therefore, be the less useful to young persons, to whom even common-places are original.

Mr. Richard J. King has published an historical sketch of the *Forest of Dartmoor and its Borders*. (London: J. R. Smith.)—It will be acceptable to Devonshire folk, and many of the facts laboriously collected have a general value. The author is an industrious antiquarian, and has collected many of the curiosities of the olden time from parish records, traditions, &c.

The Rifle, Axe, and Saddle-bags, and other Lectures. By William Henry Milburn. (London: S. Low.)—A collection of lectures by an American, on divers topics; some narrating his own adventures and experiences, others the fruits of his reading. They contain a great deal of useful information, but mingled with a great deal of useless disquisition.

Landmarks of the History of Greece. By the Rev. Jas. White. (London: Routledge)—is an outline of Grecian history, admirably adapted for the student as well as for those who have not leisure to read longer histories.

Historia Sententiarum (London: Judd and Co.)—is a sketch of the contemporary sovereigns of Europe, arranged in chronological order from the subversion of the Roman Empire to the Reformation, with a biographical notice of each. It is the best book we have ever seen for teaching that which is too often neglected, contemporary history.

The London and Provincial Medical Directory for 1857. (London: Churchill.)—*The Medical List for 1857.* (London: Lane and Lara.)—Two more directories. The first is nearly as thick again as the second, and contains more information. The latter appears in form to be an imitation of the *Law List*.

Immortelles from Charles Dickens. By Ich. (London: J. Moxon.)—There is no modern English author from whom so many "beauties" might be selected as from Charles Dickens, and a more delightful volume could not be possessed than a tasteful selection. We opened this one eagerly, hoping to find what we wanted, and what such a work might and ought to be. We were disappointed. It is a slender collection of not the best passages, in very large print and with very broad margins—a failure, in fact.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

TROUBADOURS, minne-singers, wandering minstrels, and blithe ballad-singers, have long taken their departure from amongst us. True, we still encounter in the market-place a dismal-faced representative of the ballad-singer, vending his lugubrious or vapid wares literary, at a half-penny the yard; but the genuine old Homeric race is no more. The ballad-singer was not necessarily a mendicant. He had a soul above begging, and had a love for his art. It was he who collected the traditions of a country, and transmitted them, in verse, to posterity. His rhymes were often rude enough; but there was soul in them. He amused the rustic in his cottage and sometimes the great man in his hall. Ladies would listen to him with pleasure, and youngsters treasured up his lore. He was always welcomed at the remote farm-house; and, if he had a clean bed over night, and departed in the morning with provender of bread and cheese in his wallet, he considered himself under no particular obligation.

Ballads now are almost forgotten but to the few, who treasure them up as memorials and illustrations of the mind and manners of the past. They represent the moral feelings of a nation, and the characteristics and modes of thinking of by-gone generations of men. Scholars are not indifferent to their value both on historical and philological grounds. Extensive collections of ballad-literature have been made in this country; and there is scarcely a people of Europe which is not striving with a kind of religious zeal to collect and preserve every fragment of the traditions and popular songs of their fathers. In this respect the Germans have been especially industrious. They have been collecting the folklore, traditions, and popular poetry not only of their own country, but of all the countries of Europe. It is in German only that we can read the ballads of the various peoples from Finland to Gibraltar, and from the German Ocean to the Caspian. And now Brockhaus, of Leipzig, is bringing out a beautiful edition of the Swedish ballads, collected some forty years ago by Geijer and Afzelius. The translation into German has been made by the well-known literary antiquarian, Dr. Ferdinand Wolff, and, as far as the two languages would permit, has been faithfully made. The *Scenska Folk-Visor fran forntiden* (the Swedish ballad poetry of antiquity) has much in common with that of our own. There is love and adventure discoursed of in them, war and peace, faith and fraud, and perhaps a larger amount of the tragical than we find in our own collections. The ballads are rather long and tedious in some instances, but still we would not miss them. In the long Swedish winter evening it was no doubt necessary for the ballad-singer to make the most of his subject—to spin a long yarn in fact, while the maids were spinning their flax. We give a prose account of a few of them. First we have a romance of the *Bergtagna*—that is of a young girl, who, instead of going to church to morning prayers, took it into her giddy head to knock at the door of the *Bergakung* (the Hill-King), the chief of the underground people, who were famous as blacksmiths in the Scandinavian mythology. Then—

Up arose the Hill-king, and the lock he withdrew;
And he led away his bride to a bed of silk and blue.

Here she remained "eight years round," and had by the Hill-King seven sons and a daughter so fair. At the end of this time she was taken with home-sickness, and desired permission of her subterranean husband to visit her mother. Her request was granted, on condition that she should say nothing about her children. Her mother meets her at the door, and inquires "where she has been so long?" She explains that she has been with the Hill-King, and that she has had seven sons and a daughter so fair. At this instant the Hill-King enters the door, and inquires, "Why stand ye here and talk such evil of me?" She denies that she has been speaking evil of him; but

On the lily-white cheek he struck her a blow,
And down her fair little the blood 'gan to flow,

and then bade her pack off to the hill, assuring her she should never see her parents again.

Then occurs a farewell, in the usual ballad style:—

Farewell, my dearest father, and farewell, my mother!
Farewell, my dearest sister, and farewell, my brother.
Farewell, thou highest heaven, and thou green earth, farewell;
Since I travel far away from here, with the Hill-King to dwell.

Away they ride through the dark wood until they reach the hill, which they pass around six times, when the door opens. The young daughter brings forth the "stool of red gold," and intreats: "O rest thee here, my sorrow-bound mother; I wot that the time is long." She replies: "O fetch to me a goblet of mead, for the time goes with me long; and I shall drink until I am dead, for the time goes with me long." Then first she drank the glass of mead, and then she closed her eyes, and then she drank the glass of mead, and her heart breaks and she dies.

Liten Karin (Little Katie) is rather a tragical ballad, but characteristic of remote times and of days when kings could do wrong with impunity.

Little Karin served in the young king's hall, and she shone like a star there among the maidens all.
She shone like a star there, the very fairest maid; and thus to little Karin the young King said:

"O, hear thee, little Karin! if thou wilt be but mine,
Grey horses and gold saddles and all shall be thine."
"Grey horses and gold saddles I may not think upo';
Give these unto your young queen; let me with honour go."

"Then hear me, little Karin; if you will be but mine,
My crown made of the reddest gold, and that shall be thine."

"Your crown made of the reddest gold I may not think upo';
Give that unto your young queen, let me with honour go."

"Yet hear me, little Karin; if my loman thou wilt be,
The half of all my kingdom, that shall I give to thee."

"The half of all your kingdom, I may not think upo';
Give that unto your young queen, let me with honour go."

"Then hear thee, little Karin; if thou wilt not be mine,
A barrel spiked with nails shall certainly be thine."

"If you put me in a spike-barrel, God's angels will see me,
And away with little Karin to heaven they shall flee."

They put her in a spike-barrel, they did not heed her pain;
And all the King's young pages rolled her up and down again.

Then down there came from Heaven two doves of spotless white,
And Karin made the third dove that flew to the angels bright.

Of this song, which is known all over Sweden, there are several versions. One intensifies the cruelty of the young King, by stating that he assisted his pages in rolling little Karin about in the tun spiked with nails, and ends:

Her cheeks were pale and torn, and down the red blood ran;
O, God in Heaven highest, look down on this proud man!

They took the little Karin out, and wiped her body o'er,
And all the little maids at Court bewailed Karin sore.

They laid her on a golden bier, and covered her body fair,
And all the little maids at Court they cur'd Karin's hair.

And they laid the little Karin in the dark, dark grave to lie;
And all God's little angels were standing then thereby.

Skön Anna (Fair Annie) will remind the reader of the "Fair Annie, the daughter of a King of England, who was stolen away in her infancy and sold to a Lord in Mecklenburg." Our Fair Annie of the present occasion went out to walk by the sea-side, and "there she met a gay young man, who spoke to her so fairly." The gay young man invites Annie to follow him to a foreign land,

Och blifva min hjertelig kära

—to be his heart's own dearie. Annie refuses the offer; there is many a knight's son at home with whom she can wed if she is so minded; but the gay young man will not take "no for an answer." He would take her with him to a foreign land, "the reddest gold crown to wear, O." It is evermore the seven long years or the nine long years—in this case the latter—when Sir Peter, tired of Fair Annie, who has meanwhile borne him seven sons, wishes to get rid of her. She appeals to his mother the Queen, and the Queen takes Peter to task; but all she can extract from him is that he, the gay young man, is paying his attentions to another. There is about to take place a tilt or tournament, and Annie requests that she may be allowed to go upon the highest walls of the castle to see the knights a-jousting. This request is complied with, on condition that Annie busks herself in her best;

And then ye can on the castle-wall go
To see the knights a-jousting.

Sir Peter enters, and addresses her, sneeringly, "What will you give my young bride to-day, in order to win her friendship?" She replies "I give to her my sorrow and care, they are too good to be worn; I give to her my slit-up shoes; I give her my hatred and scorn." A pretty lady's quarrel is got up, and Fair Annie gets the worst of it. The Queen allows her to be present at the bridal of her son. She desires to be present to work the bride some woe. The demands and replies on both sides are extremely unsophisticated. The bride, however, heaps coals of fire upon Annie's head. She offers to relinquish to her the red gold crown, and much more of it; and Annie proposes to let her have her husband's seven sons. But the bridal has not yet been formally completed. Sir Peter repents; he considers he had better be off with the old love before he is on with the new; and then he has a brother, "so rich and so bold," to whom he transfers his intended wife, and rushes incontinently into the embraces of fair Annie; and all then is as it ought to be. The free and easy way of northern manners in the olden times is not badly set forth in this ballad. "Fair Annie" is only one of a class of such ballads. In West Gothland one commences pretty much in the same way, about a maiden who went a walking by the sea-strand, when a nobleman met her, and

Han kasta de Gullbanden i hennes Knä.

—cast the gold ribbons into her lap, and served her afterwards pretty much as Sir Peter served Fair Annie. The "burthen" of these ballads presents certain features worthy of the attention of the philologist. Whence, for instance, our "tol de rol," "fal ial la," and "tooral looral lay?" There are some who consider, rightly or wrongly, that such expressions have more than a trivial meaning—that they are not the mere paddings of song. Geijer has an interesting notice on this subject. Favourite *Omgevanden* among the Swedes are, *Under lundey*; *Men linder gror väl*; *I rosensskog*; *Under ö*, &c. The ballad of "Herr Olof" has the burden of "Men linder gror väl!" It runs to the effect that—

Sir Olof he saddled his charger gray, and away rode he;
To the mermaid's house, away went he.—And green grows the linden.

Sir Olof he mounted his saddle of gold; and away to the mermaid he galloped so bold.

"Welcome, O, welcome, Sir Olof, to me! for five long years I have waited for thee."

"But where were ye born and where were ye bred? and where were thy hosen and courtly dress made?"

"At the court of the Kaiser I born was and bred; and there my hosen and jerkin were made."

"And there I have father, and there I have mother; and there I have sister fair, there have a brother."

"There I have acres, there I have land, and there my bridal bed fairly doth stand."

"And there have I my sweetheart so true; with her I shall live, with her I shall die.—And green grows the linden."

"Now hear ye, Sir Olof, and come now with me, and ye'll have bright wine in gold flaggee.—And green grows the linden."

"Where were ye born, and where were ye bred? and where were thy hosen and courtly dress made?"

"Where is thy father, where is thy mother? where thy sister fair, where is thy brother?"

"No father have I, and I have no mother; I have no sister, and I have no brother.—But green grows the linden."

"Where hast thou thine acres, and where is thy land; and where does thy well-deck'd bridal-bed stand?"

"And where doth remain thy lady-love true, with whom thou wilt live, with whom thou wilt die?"

"It is here, here I have my acres and field; it is here my love's bower I shall build.—And green grows the linden."

"And here my true love so fastly have I; with whom I shall live, with whom I shall die.—And green grows the linden."

Den Hedniska Konungsdottern i Blomstergården ("The Pagan King's daughter in the flower garden") is not peculiar, we believe, to Sweden. If we mistake not, we have seen a version of it in Dutch or Flemish. The difference in the present case is in the "burthen"—*Öti de gröna lunder*.

En hednisk Konungsdotter bild,
Dotter bald, &c.

The Pagan king's fair daughter rose, and left her father's bowers; and wandered forth at early morn to see the lovely flowers.

"He must a Lord of Wisdom be, a Lord of Might and Worth, who causeth grow in loveliness these flowers upon the earth."

"I give to him my heart so true, I wish him well to know; fain would I leave my father's halls and ever with him go."

She turned herself, went home again, went to her father's bowers; but ever thus she thought, "I'd know the Master of the Flowers."

There came to her at midnight-tide deep, angel in fairest shen; "Rise up, rise up, sweet heart," he said, "Love lights my heart, I ween."

"Now tell me fairest, fairest youth, from whither hast thou sped, that thou shouldst come and hither stand so close unto my bed."

"For thee alone, I'm hither come, from forth the heavenly bowers, to ask thee to my master, the Master of the Flowers."

"And, friend, if thou hast list to go, and heavenly mansion take, thou must deride this world's pride, and pleasures all forsake."

He took her by the fair white hand, and led her on so bland, and they have gone a long, long way, from out her father's land.

She followed him with list and joy, and fain his name would know; to her he said: "I am master of all above and below."

"My name it is the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Lord, and no one greater feasteth at all my father's board."

She said: "What is thy father's name?" . . .

The poem is too long to translate in whole; the issue of it will be guessed from the opening verses. The daughter of the Pagan King becomes a Christian, and is received into Heaven. The Flemish version is the best of all we have seen. The Swedish one deals too much in theology, and the pagan princess is saved only through baptism and other rites.

Neckan, alias Old Nick, is rather a pleasant old fellow in the North. He is not horned or cloven-footed. He has a taste for music, and has a notion that his soul may be saved one day. He sits on the shores of lakes, on the banks of rivers. He is a youthful, good-looking lad, with golden hair; or a shrivelled old man. According to Wallmanns—and what he says must be true,—two boys were playing by a stream, which ran past their home. There sat Nick upon the bank, and played upon his harp. But the lads said to him: "What is the use of your sitting and playing there; for ye know ye never shall be saved?" Then Nick began to weep bitterly, threw away his harp, and sank into the deep. When they reached home, the children told their father, who was parish priest, what had happened. The father said that his mind was with Nick, and bade his children go back to the stream, and comfort him with hopes of salvation. This they did: they went to the river, where sat Nick on the bank, sorrowing and crying. They said to him: "Sorrow not so; our father hath said thy Redeemer liveth." Nick thereupon took his harp, and played until long after the sun had gone down. Here, however, we must abruptly close our notice of the present work.

Many valuable scientific works have appeared lately in Germany. The *Abhandlungen* of the Berlin Academy of the last year contain many valuable scientific and mathematical papers, and so do the transactions of the Turin Academy. It is pity, in some respects, that there is not a central organ, which should be the common source, in London or Paris, of all scientific information. There is a great waste of time and labour in the present isolation of learned societies. How, economically, to reconcile Berlin and London, Paris and St. Petersburg, we are not prepared to point out. We have fancied, however, that, were the learned academies of Europe to combine, and to have their transactions published in a common language, say the most precise (the French), that a great boon would be conferred upon scientific men, wherever they may exist.

FRANCE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Jan. 28.

The intellectual marasmus in which the French nation is steeped just now continues unchanged. Now and then a movement takes place which shows that

Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.

Or to be more correct that ought to do, is only half half asleep—but what between the latitude given to flunkiness and the restrictions imposed upon plain speaking, all really capable men confine themselves to wait for better days, and hurl epigrams against the present regime which they are afraid to print. Setting aside M. Guizot's Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel, briefly noticed in my last letter, we have nothing but a book from that obese ornament to Imperial Paris, Dr. Veron; it is called *Quatre ans de règne. Ou en sommes nous?* It is a characteristic performance—the reverse of well written. It appears to have been concocted with the sole object of reminding the public that a Dr. Veron, well known to the readers of the *Charivari* as Mimi Veron, and to certain literary crocodiles, as the giver of dinners to which admission is to be purchased only at a heavy price, have the obligation to listen to "amaras porveto

jugulo historias." But, nevertheless, there is much in the book that is amusing, not the least so being the *air d'importance* which the ex-vendor of quack medicines takes it upon him to assume. The book is not without a certain interest either in a political point of view, as showing the spirit of dissatisfaction which prevails even among some of the supporters of the Government at the existing state of things. At the time Louis Napoleon was a candidate for the Presidency of the Republic, this gentleman was proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*, and though his paper possessed considerable political influence, both by his personal exertion, and those of his friends, he advocated the candidature of the present Emperor with equal energy, ability and unscrupulousness, and there can be no doubt but what he contributed to popularise the name of Louis Napoleon, while the attempts of Strasburg and Boulogne had given a certain notoriety—the notoriety of ridicule. Once installed at the Elysée, the Chief of the State admitted the worthy Doctor to his intimacy, and, in return, the claims of the Prince President to the Empire were trumpeted forth in the *Constitutionnel*, with, if possible, greater earnestness than had been devoted to promote the pretensions of "Citoyen" Louis Napoleon Bonaparte to the presidential chair. What return the Emperor may have made for the services rendered to the Prince President, is a secret between His Majesty and the Doctor. But however the case may be, although M. Veron's visits to the Tuileries are by no means so frequent as to the Elysée, he has become a member of the *Corps Législatif*, and in various works which he has published, probably to convince the public that it is quite possible to be a newspaper proprietor without being a literary man, the Emperor and the Imperial regime are applauded with a warmth which wicked people in Paris hint, is not quite disinterested. This little preface is necessary for the understanding of what follows. The book M. Veron has just published, before joining its predecessors at the oilman's, is calculated to attract some degree of attention. It is entitled *Quatre ans de règne, où en sommes nous?* (Four year's reign. Where are we?) A little question which it would require other powers than those the author can boast of satisfactorily to answer. He, thereupon, takes the prudent course of letting it alone, and confines himself to enumerate the difficulties which the present Government have encountered, and successfully overcome since the *coup d'état*. He compares the Emperor to an oak, which, by means of universal suffrage, has struck deep roots into the soil, and the Senate, the Legislative Body, which are paid by the State not to do the work which falls to the lot of a Parliament in constitutional countries, to verifications of the Imperial *quo cas*. The whole is interspersed with nauseously fulsome tributes to the greatness, the wisdom, &c., &c., of M. Veron's old friend. Yet, so strong is the feeling that a change of a liberal character in the present system is required, that even so thorough a partizan, so fulsome an adulator as the Doctor is compelled to give a public echo of the feeling which is expressed throughout the country in curses not loud but deep. Great indeed must be the power of truth, to make itself heard through such channels. M. Veron thinks he is justified in "respectfully demanding a modification in those laws which it has been the misfortune of the times to have rendered necessary." He does not ask that the floodgates of disorder and anarchy should be thrown open; but he notices that the unfavourable turn which has of late taken place in public opinion is to be chiefly ascribed to the gag which has been put upon the press and the *Corps Législatif*. Nor is he far wrong when he asserts that a perseverance in the present system is the greatest danger the government has to contend with; for silence makes men think, and an idea long kept down one day may explode and shatter the present bayonet-supported government fabric to the winds of heaven.

Since I last wrote, M. Edmond About, who used to write the weekly review of current events in the *Figaro*, in which he used to hold up *naso adneco* to the derision of the public, a few of the social and literary empirics of the day, has withdrawn from that agreeable post, and been raised to the succession of Théophile Gautier, the Art critic of the *Moniteur*, who has purchased, and is about to edit, *L'Artiste*—a publication which has hitherto held a kind of middle place between our *Art Journal* and *Illustrated News*—being, in its way, vastly inferior to both. M. About's pen has fallen into the hands of Mlle. Augustine Brohan, the actress of the Français. She has made her *début* under the signature of "Suzanne." You are aware that in Beaumarchais' play this lively *soubrette* married our friend the barbière. I trust your readers will forgive me for saying that the *Lettres de Suzanne à Figaro* read very like a curtain lecture.

The season of carnival, generally so gay, must not be passed without a note, though this year it has somehow been shorn of its beams, without any cause perceptible to the public eye. The prevailing distress may have its effect certainly, but the Parisian populace

have danced in the face of famine itself, and even probably never more riotous or demonstrative in their mirth than while the terrible cholera was daily thinning their ranks by hundreds. The opera balls are indeed crowded, but have altogether this year lost that character of abandon and animation which used justly to render these motley assemblages one of the most curious sights of the capital. Whether this falling off is an advantage or the reverse, however, is a question which must be left to the taste of the reader. Morality would infallibly pronounce for the latter, but the general feeling it produces here is the reverse of satisfactory, and as a consequence the private balls and parties, which in former years used to abound at this period, have greatly decreased in number. To make up probably for this decline, which is an injury to those branches of commerce by which thousands of Parisians live, that is to say millinery, and those luxurious nothings by the purchase of which the rich, however indisposed to charity, contribute extravagantly to the necessities of the poor. To make up for this, the public functionaries open their hotels more frequently than usual, and weekly balls given by the Emperor at the Tuileries, where new dresses of the most sumptuous description are absolutely ordered to be worn, keep up the character of the gay season, as far as official and imperial display can do so. The balls at the Tuileries are splendid in everything, but the rank of the visitors; the haughty Faubourg St. Germain still standing aloof from the contamination of the modern court. Foreigners of distinction have, of course, no such scruples, and attend in considerable numbers; among the visitors at the last ball were a number of English officers, whose uniforms contrasted rather magnificently with the rather mean turn out of their French military brethren—over whom, in manners and gentleman-like appearance, it must be admitted, that our countrymen have a very decided advantage in a ball room, at least, however it may be elsewhere. The most showy uniforms in the assembly were unquestionably those of our militia, whose real military status being unknown to the great majority of the company, carried off the honours of the *soirée*, by the unstained brilliancy of their scarlet and redundancy of gold lace. The only hilarity of the night among the imperial circle was occasioned by the rapidity of movement displayed by one of these militia heroes, at whose evolutions the Empress laughed most heartily. He was stated to belong to one of the Irish regiments of that force, which I believe has some time ceased in reality to exist.

The absence of balls and private parties is made up for in Paris by the crowds it carries to the theatres, which have seldom enjoyed a more successful season than the present. English society in bad weather contents itself over tea, books, cards, and "a sea-coal fire," but the Parisian must spend his evening abroad, if he have no company at home. Hence the prosperity of the theatres at present. At the Grand Opera, to support which the government make unceasing exertions, Verdi's best work, *Il Trovatore*, has been transferred from the Italian theatre, but though the composer has made additions to the score, and left nothing undone to secure it a brilliant success, it moves heavily and cold in comparison. Neither the language nor the *artistic* seem at home, and although the Emperor and Her Majesty patronised the first representation, not only with their presence but with their plaudits, and the illustrious corps of *Claqueurs* were doubled, public opinion gives the preference altogether to the Italians. It has, however, been the means of adding one charming vocalist to the *troupe*, Madame Lauters, a young lady who sang at a minor musical theatre, the *Lyrique*, two years ago, and was then no more heard of until M. Verdi, to the surprise of the public, announced to the opera director, some weeks since, that he had selected her for the chief part in *Il Trovatore*. As in Paris authors and composers are commanders-in-chief, being, with some justice, supposed to be the best judges of what *artistes* are the fittest for the characters they have written, she was instantly engaged. She had not gone through the first air before the public were delighted, and in the fourth act,—the great part of the opera,—the transports of the audience were without bounds. At the close of this scene the Emperor wrote an order to the manager doubling her salary. This was but justice, for having no name, she had been engaged at the modest sum of 15,000 francs a year (600*l.*) Her income now is a fair sum, being somewhere about one-sixth of what the same theatre pays its nominal celebrities. It is to be hoped the scandalous sums paid to opera singers, both in London and Paris, will be soon put an end to; the money thus thrown away on mere vocal machines, in many cases not lighted by a gleam of intellect, is a libel on common sense.

It appears from a State document, that the Public Libraries of Paris contain 2,974,000 printed and 104,000 MS. volumes; of these, 1,700,000 books and 80,000 manuscripts belong to the Bibliothèque Impériale.

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

At the Chemical Society, in a paper "On the Composition of Wheat, Flour, and Bread," Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert gave the result of an extended course of experiments, from 1845 to 1854 inclusive, tracing the wheat from the field to the bakery. In 1846, when the crops were most fully matured, the proportion of nitrogen was lowest. In 1853, when the crops were poor, the proportion of nitrogen was highest. The general character of a highly-matured crop are a low proportion of water, ash, and nitrogen. In reference to the effect of manuring, crops manured with nitrogenised and mineral manures gave the best produce, and at the same time the greatest reduction in the proportion of nitrogen. The ash of wheat was variable in poor crops, but in those well matured had much fixity of composition, which was moreover independent of the nature of the manure, although the proportion of lime increased with the high maturation of the crop. In reference to the products of the mill, bran yielded 10 times as much ash, and $\frac{1}{2}$ times as much nitrogen, as the household flour. The amount of water in bread is from 36 to 38 per cent., and thus 100 lbs. of flour would yield about 138 lbs. of bread, the loss in fermentation being less than 1 per cent., and the average amount of nitrogen 1.3 per cent. The excellence of flour was generally estimated in proportion to the amount of starch; in this opinion, which was contrary to that of Liebig and others, Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert concurred, or at any rate, the least nitrogenised bread contained a sufficiency of nitrogen, the great demand for food being for its respiratory and carboniferous constituents. In many analyses of flour, the gluten being separated mechanically, the proportion was found to increase gradually on proceeding from north to south, both in Europe and America; hence, according to their theory of high maturation, the most matured crops were grown in the coldest climate relatively. Dr. Marcet differed from this low value of nitrogenised constituents, stating that the more highly nitrogenised the food, the less was the quantity required.

Professor Owen, at the Geological Society, in reference to the *Dichodon cupidatus*, stated that the adult animal appears to have equalled in size a Southdown sheep. The deciduous formula of dentition is the same as in the genus *Sus*. The permanent one differs by the displacement of the first deciduous molar by a true premolar. Whilst, however, the *Dichodon* resembles the hog tribe in the kind and number of its teeth, it resembles more the ruminantia in the configuration of the true molars. The now-ascertained fact of the deciduous dentition of the *Dichodon* supplies an additional test of its affinities, owing to marked difference in the times and order of succession of the permanent teeth between the non-ruminant and the ruminant Artiodactyles. With reference to a fossil Ophidian from Salonica Bay, the vertebrae, thirteen in number, indicated by their size a serpent between ten and twelve feet in length: they were discovered in the freshwater tertiary beds at the Promontory of Karabournou. A summary of the known existing serpents of Southern Europe and Asia Minor being given, showed that none of the living species equal in bulk the fossil serpent: it must, therefore, be deemed an extinct species.—Mr. Salter having collected many additional materials for the elucidation of the palaeontology of the Longmynd Rocks, described the occurrence of abundant annelid markings referable to two species (one of them new) throughout a mile of thickness in the lower portion of the nearly vertical shales, sandstones, and flagstones. Wave or surf-marks, ripples, sun-cracks, and rain-prints, were also described as occurring at several localities on the surfaces of these aminated rocks of the Longmynd. Mr. Salter proposes the term *Arenicolites* for all fossil worm-holes with double openings, and *Helminthites* for the superficial trails. Some new species of the trilobitic genus *Acidaspes*, from the lower silurian beds of the south of Scotland, and also some salurian species of the same from Shropshire were also described.

The geography of Burmah was given at the Royal Geographical Society by Captain Yule. In the fifteenth century the seat of government was at Pagan, where remains of temples were found indicating a higher state of civilization than could be found at a later date. In the sixteenth century the government was removed to Ava, and about the same time the kingdom of Pegu was absorbed by Burma. At the period of its greatest extension, the country was 1,200 miles long by 800 broad, with a sea coast of 1,200 miles, and so continued till the inhabitants came in contact with the British. In the war of 1824 the Burmese lost

Aracan, and in 1852 Pegu was detached. The country was described as a rolling upland based on an alluvial basin, and surrounded by a vast mountain barrier. In the Burman empire there were upwards of 100 distinct tribes, all speaking different languages, and all monosyllabic in character. The population was estimated at 1,200,000 and probably had never been more than 3,000,000.

Some account was given at the last meeting of the Statistical Society of the Union du Credit de Bruxelles, which was founded in 1848, in consequence of the almost universal stoppage of payment in Belgium. The object is to obtain money on loan to their constituents, within the limits of their solvency, steps being taken to ascertain this previous to admission to membership. In 1848 there were 228 shareholders with a capital of £1,984*l*. In 1856 there were 1333, with a capital of 513,116*l*; during this time 281,995 transactions had been effected, amounting to 6,211,131*l*. at an expense of only 14 centimes the 100 francs. The interest charged to members was 3*½* per cent.—Some interesting circumstances were related of the Chinese at the Ethnological Society. At a time when the rest of the world was immersed in barbarism, the Chinese exhibited an advanced state of civilization, but a stop seemed to be placed upon further progress, about 800 years ago, from which time they appear to have been stationary. The population amounts to 350,000,000, or about one-fifth of that of the whole world. It cannot therefore be doubted, that when the present system of isolation has been removed and the Chinese have become integral members of the human family, they would take a prominent part in the affairs of the world, through which, by emigration, they are already rapidly spreading. It is a curious fact that the Chinese, whether first from choice or necessity, eat everything, from a rat to an elephant: all savage animals and noxious reptiles have in consequence been exterminated throughout the land. They have a free press, and newspapers are found in almost every town. The spoken language differs in the north and south, but the written language is the same, they can therefore communicate by writing. From cinnamon being mentioned in the Mosaic account, both the spice and name being originally derived from China, it would appear that a trade even then existed between that country and the Eastern coasts of the Mediterranean.—We are threatened with a scarcity of Peruvian bark: the febrifuge which has proved such a valuable prophylactic at every new gold field that is discovered, and which saved the adventurous travellers in the last expedition up the Niger, is extensively used in the fever-stricken districts of India, and indeed throughout the globe, is rapidly diminishing. In South America, the quinineous cinchona is limited to a region from 20 deg. S. to 10 deg. N. It flourishes best in dry rocky situations, at great heights, and in the coldest regions, it will also grow luxuriously in low and hot valleys, but the medicinal properties of the bark then vanish. It is proposed to introduce this valuable plant into India, where it would add a new industry: for a vast range of hill sides and slopes, unsuited to the growth of the tea and other plants, would be found available for the cinchona.—The proposal of Colonel Waugh to name the newly discovered highest mountain of the Himalaya range "Everest," has been protested against at the Royal Asiatic Society. It was considered more appropriate to call it by its native name, Deva Dhunga, than to introduce a solitary European appellation into the mountain range.

QUERIES AND NOTES.

PETER ABELARD'S LETTER.—In an old number of the *Quarterly Review* (No. CXVI. April, 1837) in an article on the Letters, MSS. and State Papers, collected by William Upcott, it is stated that amongst them were "a small collection of Peter Abelard's letters," of inestimable value in showing us the state of learning and education in his time. These are not, as I have been informed by a good authority, in the British Museum, and probably became private property at the author's death. Can any of your learned readers inform me of the *habitat* of these precious documents.

MUSEUM.

WHO WROTE PARADISE LOST?—One great discovery often leads to others. The discovery of America by Columbus was soon followed by the discoveries of De Gama and Cabot. The discovery of one lost work of antiquity at the revival of letters, was soon followed by the rescue of many others from the dust and neg-

lect of ages. Even in our own time, the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics, by Young and Champollion, has opened the way for the interpretation of Assyrian and Median inscriptions by Losser and Rawlinson. In like manner the great discovery made by Mr. Smith that Bacon was the author of the plays attributed to Shakspeare, has disclosed to the mind of your present correspondent, a hypothesis of no less interest, and of a still more startling character. *Who wrote Paradise Lost?* Not Milton, but Milton's master, the Great Protector, Cromwell. It will at once be objected that Cromwell died in 1658, and *Paradise Lost* was first published in 1667. But a consideration of the question will remove this difficulty. My hypothesis is, that *Paradise Lost* was written by Cromwell and placed in Milton's hands for literary revision. To whom could the Protector's work be so fitly intrusted as to his Latin secretary, the triumphant literary champion of the Commonwealth. Milton retained the poem when Cromwell died, and afterwards published it in his own name. What alterations, if any, he made, can only be conjectured. But we may suspect that his alleged original intention of producing *Paradise Lost* in a dramatic form, and the great variations in the earlier editions of the actual poem point to the same conclusion, that Milton was the *editor*, not the *author*, of *Paradise Lost*. It may be asked, why did Milton conceal the real authorship? The answer is obvious. The age which had treated the bodily remains of the Protector with ignominy, would have treated his literary remains, if known as such, with still greater contempt. Milton would feel the necessity for concealing the true authorship with peculiar keenness, because he must have vividly remembered how he had himself treated the alleged work of a vanquished sovereign. He who had shattered "Icon Basilike," he who had torn off, to use his own phrase, the mask of a king (*persona regis*) would shrink from exposing the Protector's fame to the vengeance of royalist wits. We know, indeed, a Tory who is in the habit of saying that Milton drew his Satan from Cromwell. This Cavalier, who has come into the world a couple of centuries too late, will hail our hypothesis, and say, that Cromwell "was himself the great sublime he drew." May we not conclude that Milton published under his own name his patron's poem. The passage at the beginning of Book 3, referring to his want of sight, was clearly only a blind. Again, (though the fact has been overlooked by Cromwell's biographers) there is positive evidence that the Protector did compose verses. The Protector, says Whitelock, "would make verses with us." (Whitelock himself, Lord Broghill, Pierpoint, Thurloe, and Sir Charles Wolsey) "and every one must try his fancy." Where, we are led to ask, are those verses now? What subject so appropriate to an assemblage of "Paritan Notables," as *Paradise Lost*?

It is also worthy of remark, that *Paradise Lost* is very different in character from Milton's early productions, and greatly superior in design and execution to *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. This fact seems to indicate a difference of authorship.

It would be tedious to enumerate the passages in *Paradise Lost*, which seem suggested by events in the life or feelings in the mind of the Great Protector. One instance must suffice. Belial's speech in Book 2 (especially lines 200—208), expresses the arguments by which many of the "compounding Cavaliers" had persuaded one another to submit to Cromwell. A comparison of *Paradise Lost* with Cromwell's Letters and Speeches might bring out many unsuspected resemblances and undesigned coincidences.

But my communication has already exceeded reasonable limits; I have only to add, that justice has not been done to Cromwell in his own time, and all subsequent efforts for that purpose have fallen short of their aim. If, however, the present theory be established, then, though Cromwell's brow never wore the regal diadem, it will be encircled with a wreath of unfading bay, and though party spirit denied his statue a place among the Kings, his name will be enrolled among the Poets of our country. FITZ-HARDOUN.

Answers.

LADY LEIGH.—In compliance with the wish expressed by your correspondent, G. W. D. P., in "Queries and Notes," I beg to send you the remaining stanzas of "London Bridge is Broken Down," though as to the occasion and meaning of the song none of my researches in nursery lore have as yet been able to enlighten me. The best clue to its meaning if indeed it be not a mere jingle of words, would be to ascertain the period

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REPORT.

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at which it was written. I have transcribed it from a little book of songs purporting to be "collected from the works or the most renowned poets (!) and adapted to favourite national melodies," according to the title—though, strange to add, not one tune is mentioned throughout the volume, nor is any name given to any of the songs.

CLARA DE CHATELAIN.

London Bridge is broken down,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
London Bridge is broken down,
With a gay lady.
How shall we build it up again?
Dance over my Lady Lee,
How shall we build it up again?
With a gay lady.
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with gravel and stone,
With a gay lady.
Gravel and stone will be wash'd away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Gravel and stone will be wash'd away,
With a gay lady.
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with iron and steel,
With a gay lady.
Iron and steel will bend and break,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Iron and steel will bend and break,
With a gay lady.
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll build it up with silver and gold,
With a gay lady.
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Silver and gold will be stolen away,
With a gay lady.
We'll set a man to watch it then,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll set a man to watch it then,
With a gay lady.
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
Suppose the man should fall asleep,
With a gay lady.
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
Dance over my Lady Lee,
We'll put a pipe into his mouth,
With a gay lady.

[Another correspondent (from Chelsea) sends us a version differing very slightly from the above.]

ARCHITECTURE.

REPORT ON ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

WHILE the Gothic mania of England is happily giving way before the spreading advance of a liberalism in taste, more especially marked by the cultivation of what may be termed the "Anglo-classic," Rome is admitting, among the arcades and domes of its imperial ruins and Papal monuments, symptoms of a reviving feeling for the graces of antique Grecian purity. In the *Builder* for Nov. 1856 is a well-executed woodcut, representing the *Entrance to the Villa Borghese*, erected from a design by the late Luigi Canina. Mr. Asphitel, who supplied the drawing to the *Builder*, says: "The prince (Borghese) had either seen or heard of the works executed at Munich, in the Greek style, for the King of Bavaria, and Canina's designs are based on the same style, but are no doubt in purer taste. The design is that of a double Greek Propylæon; it is carried out on a fine scale, and the entire construction is that of the Attic period. It is, perhaps, the only perfect imitation of ancient Greek art, in all its details, in Europe."

We are by no means inclined to advocate the general appliance of strictly imitative design; but exceptional circumstances may arise which fully warrant its occasional practice; and, at all events, we cannot but admire the example before us, considered *per se*, and as tending to keep alive the reverence which is due to the idiocratic perfection of ancient art. Speaking with stern truth, the gate-ways of a palace should be "affined and kin" to the palace itself; and such is not the case in the relationship borne by Canina's propylæon to the mansion it pertains to; but, as the error is on the side of superior beauty, we must be critically indulgent, and then we are left to acknowledge the "beautiful exceedingly." The question is, whether, with the same amount of substance and decoration, so charming a result could be obtained, by the application of any other style, as Canina has produced by his Borghese gateway? What an elegant majesty pervades! how chastely ornate—how unaffectedly refined—how simply eloquent! What mental cultivation may we imagine in the body of the volume so gracefully prefaced? We will but refer our readers to the woodcut in justification of our eulogy.

We cannot say quite as much on referring to the entrance to *The Shell Foundry, Royal Arsenal, Woolwich*, though Greece has contributed her columns and Rome her arches to the engineer's management. In fact,

engineers can rarely venture on ornate design with success; and it were well they should never act in such case without the co-operative aid of the architectural artist. If their severely engrossing connexion with matters of utilitarianism precludes the cultivation of an *expressive taste*, they should submit to such a partnership as Mr. Page has admitted in the new Westminster Bridge, as artistified by Sir C. Barry.

But how is it that the more artist-minded of the engineers have not (like the late Rendel) allowed inventive taste to go hand in hand with constructive knowledge? When the substance is formed, with its required openings, projections, and recesses, why is it that a suitable decorative expression has not been self-suggested? A shell foundry! a thing of melting and blowing and blasting—of swarthy volcanic power, whose features should be of the simplest sternness, and which might be still thoroughly artistic, though "begrimed and black as Vulcan's own stithy!" Here was the opportunity for a brick and granite structure, rusticated with massive quoins and archivolts, and impressively decorated, or rather declaratorily vitalised, with the sculptured insignia of terrifying war! But the *Builder* for Nov. 22, 1856, will show that the Woolwich edifice is "no such thing: it is (as Rosalind would say) point device in its accoutrements, as loving itself, rather than seeming (the terror of others)." It might as well be a manufactory of tennis-balls, or even of "alley laws," as of iron fire-balls; of rackets as well as rockets. It is, in short, anything, and therefore nothing.

The proposed *Middlesex Industrial Schools*, by Messrs. Barry and Banks (see *Builder*, Jan. 10, 1857), seems to be a good and sufficiently handsome design, in the plain Wren style, best suited to simple utilitarian purposes, with a chapel apart, and orthodoxly Gothicised, as is fit and reasonable. The whole is of the character which would at once have satisfied Messrs. Cobbett and Hume, with a graceful propriety recommending it to the eye of criticism.

The front of the *Clothworkers' Hall, London* (see *Builder* for Nov. 8, 1856), would seem to indicate another regal meeting on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," so ornate is it in emblems of civic splendour. It is another proof to the growing appreciation of the Anglo-Venetian classic, and will greatly enhance the richness of the London street architecture. Its clustered pilastral reliefs, ornate cornice, and fenestral efficiency, are accompanied by much proportional beauty; and the façade is altogether highly creditable to the repute of Mr. Samuel Angel. We could almost wish the uppermost window-openings had been square-headed, since, after all, the architect has felt the necessity of finishing their top-dressings parallel with the soffit of the entablature immediately above; and we would, deferentially, submit to Mr. Angel, whether some gain of light to the rooms might not be had consistently with no decrease of beauty to the windows. It may be that the keystones of the three arches have some relation to the support of a largely-projecting entablature of long bearing; but the square-headed openings might be crowned with a cornice which would still more efficiently support the superincumbent architrave. The gradual increase of richness, as the building ascends, is, we think, in the best taste.

In another wood-cut of the *Builder*, for Jan. 17, 1857, is a perspective of the interior of the *Clothworkers' Hall*, the aspect of which is splendidly scenic. Though the general arrangement of the component features is pretty much according to book, there is a superadded force which removes it above the level of common-place. A mere well-informed student of Sir Wm. Chambers might have similarly employed the arched "order," the clerestory, groinings, and ceiling; but Mr. Angel has shown the accomplished artist in certain superadded details, in their ornamentation, and in what may be termed the emphasis which marks those passages of his composition which are most susceptible of effective treatment. The red granite columns with their grey granite bases cannot fail to be imposing, though the material of the capitals (Caen stone) seems to be something under the mark for the crowning number of such costly appendages, unless, indeed, they are to be heightened in effect by colour and gilding. This interior, however, is, at the least, a very excellent specimen of academic Roman design; and as such we rejoice in being able heartily to commend it.

Nothing can contrast more remarkably with the last mentioned interior than that of the *Gallery of the Bank of France, Paris*, illustrated in the *Builder* for Jan. 3, 1857. The scenic and theatrical character of the latter, having more to do with the upholstery than the architectural, depends on the abjuration of all severe criticism, and on an abandonment to mere decorative prodigality. It is of the period of Louis XIV., and emblematises the florid profligacy of his court, in its excess of carving, gilding, and paint.

Of a very different order is the *Hotel Pomptales, Paris*, depicted in the woodcuts of the *Builder* for Dec. 20, 1856, and which is described as of the "Græco-Pompeian." We, however, rather defer to French taste than critically approve it, in this instance; nor can we but think that if the four little meagre pilasters were away from the street front, and if all four windows had reached the floor, with a continuous balcony, like the central two, the elevation

would have gained as much in beauty as simplicity. The engaged columns, too, between the arches in the court, with their bits of entablature, unconnected by any vertical lines to unite them with the pilasters above, seem absurdly gratuitous. The French are never vulgar nor common-place; but this is one of many instances in which they appear to compose their façades without any care to express constructive propriety.

There is no very remarkable Gothic novelty before us for this report. The *Peers' Staircase, Westminster Palace* (see *Builder* for Nov. 15, 1856) is worthy of the first architect of the age, and forms a suitable approach to the most splendid Gothic apartment extant. Our opinions as to the unappropriateness of the Gothic style to a senate-house have been reiterated; all we can say is, that Sir C. Barry has made the best of the opportunities afforded him, in defiance of as much restriction; and that, while we regret the terms of the advertisement which first invited our architects to compete, we rejoice in the selection of Sir Charles's design.

The interior of the *Higher Broughton Congregational Church, Manchester*, of which a view appears in the *Builder* for Dec. 13, 1856, is not quite after the notions which Messrs. Barry, Scott, and others entertain in respect to the genius of Gothic architecture; and, fully admitting that Mr. Oliver has a right to his own taste and ideas, without any desire to disturb the satisfaction which his employers may enjoy in the manner he has displayed them, we hope the specimen before us will remain a "bright particular" example of merit, ironically speaking, and not form a precedent for general adoption.

Onslow Chapel, Queen's Elm, Brompton, is externally represented in the *Builder* for Dec. 20, 1856, and, so far as we can judge from the modest little woodcut, is of pleasing and meritorious design.

The view of *St. Peter's Parish Church Schools, Leeds* (see *Builder* for Dec. 6 last) is a plain, serviceable structure of gabled and buttressed walls, having square windows filled in with mullions terminating in arched work, and chiefly remarkable for having the upper part of the tower different in style from the bulk of the building—suggested, we suppose, by certain of the foreign town-halls. As in former instances, so in this, we would rather defer to the architects (Messrs. Dobson and Chorley) than express our own opinion.

Trinity Presbyterian Church, Kingland. The view of this building, given in the *Builder*, 24th January, 1857, is comforting to the critical perceptions, for, in connexion with the evidence of an educated taste, it shows invention and considerate judgment: It would, perhaps, be difficult to find so well composed and pleasingly proportioned a steeple among the genuine mediæval examples of its kind. The buttressing of the tower is far better than is usual. Artistic feeling and constructive propriety go hand-in-hand from base to apex. We only wish the lower gabled canopies near the base of the spire could have a little more projection, so as to allow greater length to the little pillars that support the outthanking angles. Well worthy of approval is the novel peculiarity of the aisles, in being so small as to serve only for passages, the benched portion of the interior being of one span. The only improvement we could desire would be a somewhat bolder moulded coping on the large gables to carry out the ornate feeling stimulated by the very handsome door and windows. The barn-like simplicity of the common flat coping is not, in our opinion, justified by mere old "precedent," which is, very often, only partially worthy of imitation. We wish we could judge of the effect of the *side view*, showing the tower in connexion with the transeptal gable which just appears in the wood-cut. We are inclined to think the building requires more length to warrant the latter feature as one of good effect; but, so far as we can see from the illustration, this building is a highly favourable testimony to the professional pretensions of the architect, Mr. T. E. Knightley.

The *Aberystwith Clock Tower* is very well, up to the top of the balustrade crowning its basement story, and the general outline and aspect may pass muster; but we have little to say in favour of its composition in detail; and, as the result of a competition which has "excited much discussion," we cannot regard it as especially flattering to the rejected competitors.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

NEW MUSIC.

Handbook for the Oratorios.—Sampson, arranged by DR. JOHN CLARKE, of Cambridge; and *Judas Maccabæus*, arranged by JOHN BISHOP, of Cheltenham. London: Robert Cocks and Co.

THESE form Nos. 6 and 7 of the series. The *Sampson* belongs to an older series and possesses some points omitted in the later edition. We allude especially to the indication given of the original instrumentation. Those who are now in the habit of hearing oratorios performed with all the fulness of a modern band are, perhaps, little prepared for the fact that the original instrumentation is comparatively meagre. For instance, the overture to

Sampson was written for two violins, tenor and bass, two horns and two hautboys. The effect, therefore, as may be imagined, would be very different to that produced by the full braying of a modern orchestra. Now what is gained in, even if we allow it the term of, richness of effect, we conceive is lost in delicacy. How the great composer would have liked the additions, of course cannot now be known. But at all events, in these arrangements if the original instrumentation is indicated, it will be a guide to amateurs, especially, that they may learn what was written when they hear what is played. In this oratorio, if there was nothing else in it, the total "eclipse" would redeem it at once. And those who have heard the late Braham in his splendid declamation of this recitative, will have felt that there was a master spirit in him that could rival even that of the great composer himself. The separate pieces in the *Judas Maccabæus* are well known, and have always been favourites with the English public. They formed the stock pieces at the Ancient concerts, and are now even more than ever heard and appreciated as they ought to be.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT CHAT.

AN amateur theatrical performance is to take place at the St. James's Theatre, on the 7th or the 9th of February, for the benefit of the brave Broadstairs Boatmen. —Miss Catherine Hayes is on a tour in Ireland, accompanied by Mlle. Corelli (contralto), Signor F. Lablache (baritone), and Signor Miliardi (tenor); and by Mr. G. A. Osborne, composer and pianist, as conductor. The Belfast papers state that Miss Hayes was enthusiastically received in that town. —Madame Grisi has returned to London from Paris to fulfil an engagement with Mr. Beale in the provinces. The success which has attended her performances in the "Trovatore" at the Italian Opera-house in Paris is the greatest event of the musical season, larger audiences having been assembled to witness the opera than have been seen in the Salle Ventadour since the memorable year 1847. —Mr. Balfe is writing an opera in Paris. —The Musical Union, under the direction of Mr. Ella, is about to give three soirées before Easter, at Willis's Rooms. In addition to the usual selections of classical instrumental music, these performances will be varied by the introduction of sacred and secular compositions sung by a chamber choir, under the direction of Mr. Land. The Matinées, as usual, will commence after Easter, for which, we are informed, the subscription is already very large.

MADAME TESSAUD'S EXHIBITION. —A portrait model of the unfortunate Archbishop of Paris has been added to the numerous works of art in this popular establishment. The Prelate is represented in similar robes to those worn when he received the fatal wound in the Church of St. Etienne-du-mont.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

Lord Cowper has lent his fine Raphaels to the Manchester Exhibition. —Mr. Edward Holmes has been named by the Manchester Committee to the charge of a department of engraving and water-colour drawing in the coming exhibition. Mr. William Smith, late of Lisle street, gives his aid to Mr. Holmes in the matter of prints. Messrs. Colnaghi, Evans, and others are also associated in the cares and responsibilities of selection. —The Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar intends to build a museum, which is to unite within its walls the various artistic collections of his capital. The works will be commenced immediately after the restoration of the Wartburg will be completed.

LITERARY NEWS.

Mr. THACKERAY has postponed for another year the publication of a new novel. His lectures on the Four Georges continue so popular that he has no time for the labours of a new serial. —Lord Campbell announces another octavo volume containing the lives of three of his predecessors on the bench—Lord Chief Justice Kenyon, Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough, and Lord Chief Justice Tenterden. —It is stated that the original despatches of Clive to the Madras government, after the battle of Plassey, have been discovered, after being buried for a century in the archives of the East India Company at Leadenhall-street. —Some books and collections of Mr. Berry, including the various early editions of Shakespeare's folio, have been sold by Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson. The first folio of Shakespeare sold for 47l., the second for 8l. 12s. 6d., the third for 16l., and the fourth for 6l. 18s. A second copy of the third impression, but with the seven plays

added, and the autographs of several "lovers of Shakespeare," was knocked down for 15l. The Shakespeare cap, cut from the famous mulberry-tree, sold for 50l.

A pension of 50l. a year has been conferred on Charles Swain, author of "The Mind," and of other poems. The announcement of the pension, by Lord Palmerston, was accompanied by a letter expressing regret that the limited fund at his disposal did not admit of a larger sum. —A gold medal has been conferred by His Majesty the King of the Belgians on Mr. Robert Bell, "in consideration of his valuable literary labours." —John Kenyon, Esq., who died on the 3rd ultimo, left the following liberal bequests to personal literary friends: —To his cousin Elizabeth Barrett Browning, 4000l.; and to her husband, Robert Browning, 6500l.; to Bryan W. Proctor, better known as Barry Cornwall, 6500l.; to Dr. Henry Southey, 8000l.; Catherine, the daughter of Robert Southey, the poet laureate, 250l.; and to each of the other daughters 100l.; the son and daughter of Mrs. Henry Nelson Coleridge, 250l. each; John Forster has 500l.; George Scharf 500l.; and Antonio Panizzi 500l., with all the wines in the cellars at Devonshire-place and at Cowes; Agnes Catlow, 105l.; and Walter Savage Landor, Henry Chorley, Mrs. Jameson, and Sir Charles Fellowes, each 100l. The furniture, books, prints, and articles of vertu in Mr. Kenyon's cottage in Wimbledon, are left to his friend Miss Bayley, and James Booth, one of the executors, to whom is bequeathed 5000l.; Thomas Hawthorne, the other executor, having 20,000l. The whole of the residue of the property, after payment of the legacies, is to be divided by the executors. A bequest of 5000l. is made to the London University Hospital. Many legacies are also left to relatives of Mr. Kenyon and others in whom he was interested.

The Committee of the Privy Council on Education have arranged to open the new Educational Museum, at the New Buildings, South Kensington, in the spring. It will exhibit, under a proper classification, all important books, diagrams, illustrations, and apparatus connected with education already in use, or which may be published from time to time, either at home or abroad. The public will be admitted free, as to a public exhibition on certain days of the week, and on other days, which will be reserved for students, opportunity will be given to examine and consult the objects with the utmost freedom.

The *Allgemeine Zeitung* states that King Maximilian has given 37,000 florins out of his private treasury, for the promotion of literary and scientific purposes. Dr. Moritz Wagner and Herr Gemminger will receive 12,000 florins to join the expedition round the world, on board the Austrian frigate *Novara*, on the condition that the collections which they may make are to benefit the public institutions of Bavaria; 15,000 florins are to be applied towards the getting-up of a catalogue of the works on history and philology in the Royal Library at Munich; 1,000 florins as a prize for the best written history of the Old Reichstadt Nürnberg; 2,000 florins for the publication of Kepler's Works; 2,000 florins have been presented to the German Oriental Society, at Leipzig; and 5,000 florins are to be given to the Polytechnic Schools of the kingdom.

OBITUARY.

JAHN, Dr. Gustav Adolph, the celebrated mathematician and astronomer, at Leipzig, on the 5th of January, after a long and painful illness. Many astronomical works of great merit have made his name known in the scientific world, among others, a pamphlet on the great comet of 1846, called the Melanchthon comet.

MICHELSEN, Dr. Karl, of Berlin, a miscellaneous writer, well known to the German public on the 13th instant, at the advanced age of 94. His long life was entirely dedicated to literary pursuits.

BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

Adcock's Engineer's Pocket-book for 1857, 12mo. 6s. roan tuck. Bermuda, Colony, Fortresses, and Prison, by a Field Officer, 12s. 6d. Bonar's Hymns of Faith and Hope, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Broughton's Sermons on the Church of England, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Buchanan's (James) Life and Services, by Horton, 12mo. 6s. cl. Cats and Dogs, by I. F. M., fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Caesar's Commentaries, Books I. to III., for Junior Classes, 2s. 6d. cl. Chaffer's Exposition of the Ten Commandments, 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Child's Autograph Leaves, 8vo. 7s. cl. Collier's Principles of Education, Physiologically considered, 3s. 6d. Cumming's The Communion Table, 3rd edit. fcp. 3s. cl. Daniel's The Sisters, 18mo. 1s. cl. Davies's Effective Primary Instruction, 12mo. 1s. 8d. Deane's Manual of Household Prayer, 18mo. 2s. cl. Edgar's Boy Princes, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl. Euripides' Five Dramas, English Notes, by Arnold, 12mo. 13s. cl. Evans's Lectures on the Book of Job, 8vo. 6s. cl. Farham's School's History of England, Part I., 12mo. 8d. 8d. Farr's Every Child's Scripture History, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Gibb's Statutes relating to the Poor Parochial Unions, 8s. 2s. cl. Griffin's Collegians, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Glyn's Life of Eliza, 18mo. 3s. cl. Hahn's Interlinear German Reading-book, post 8vo. 2s. 8d. cl. Handbook of the Court, Peers, House of Commons, 1857, 8s. 5s. Harbord's Lives of Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Savonarola, Raphael, and Vittoria Colonna, 2 vols. 8vo. 25s. cl.

Haswell's Adulterations Detected, post 8vo. 17s. 6d. cl. Herault's Judgment of the Flood, new edit. cr. 8vo. 6s. cl. Historion Soutenier, fcp. 3s. cl. Illustrated London News, Vol. XXIX., fol. 20s. cl. gilt. Jay's Evening with Jesus, fcp. 8vo. 8s. cl. Kane's U. S. Grinnell Expedition in Search of Franklin, 18s. Kirby's Plants of the Land and Water, 18mo. 3s. cl. Maclear's Inconities to Virtue, Natural and Revealed, 1s. 6d. 8d. Mulland Florist (The), Vol. X. 12mo. 4s. cl. Morning and Evening Hymns, by Smith, Music by Cameron, 3s. Myne's Ecclesiastes, 1 vol. 18mo. 2s. cl. Naturalist, Vol. VI. royal 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl. Napoleon the Third, by a British Officer, 8vo. 14s. cl. Scott's Composition and Education, 8vo. 1s. 8d. Parkinson's Fancies and Feelings, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Parlour Library "James's My Aunt Pontypool," 1s. 6d. bds. Phillips's Eva, and other Poems, fcp. 8vo. 6s. cl. Pleasant Fruits, Collected and Edited by Vins, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Poole's Britannia Antiqua, 8vo. 14s. cl. Price's Fire and Thief Proof Depositories, 8s. 8vo. 21s. cl. Railway Library: Marryat's The Poacher, 1s. 6d. bds. Rambles round Nottingham, Vol. I. cr. 8vo. 3s. cl. Religion in Earnest, Tales, by Mrs. Carr, cr. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. Rendle's Prices Current and Garden Directory, 1857, 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl. Rogers's (Eliza) Poems, fcp. 8vo. 3s. cl. Rogers's Modern Scottish Minstrel, Vol. IV. cr. 8vo. 5s. cl. Rowton's Threefold Redemption, 12mo. 5s. cl. Sanders's Crystal Sphere, sq. 5s. 6d. cl. Sayer's Despatches, &c. relative to War with Russia, 1854-56, 21s. cl. Sheppard's Foreign Sacred Lyrics, fcp. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl. Sophocles' Five Tramas, with English Notes, by Arnold, 12mo. 16s. Sketches by Curio, cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Slaughter's Railway Intelligence, No. IX. Dec. 1856, 8vo. 10s. cl. Strutt's The Famine Soul, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Smith's Elementary Treatise on Plane Geometry, royal 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl. Spence's Pastor's Prayer for the People's Weal, fcp. 2s. 6d. cl. Taylor's Dictionary Ledger Index, folio, 4s. 6d. 8d. This is New and Old in Religion, Science, and Literature, 3s. cl. Thompson's Fire, its Causes Considered and Explained, 8vo. 1s. Thore's Flowers of Friendship, 4to. 10s. 6d. cl. Thoughts and Aphorisms on Christian Life, edit. by Ballie, 1s. 6d. Washington's Collection of Epitaphs, 8vo. 8s. cl. Turner's Nipha, a Tale of Real Life, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. gilt. Twelfth's Home, a Book for the Family, cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. Vicary's Penicillings in Poetry, post 8vo. 6s. cl. Westropp's Epochs of Painters, 4to. 12s. 6d. cl. White's Outlines of the History of Rome, 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl. Whitliver: by Author of "The House of Elmore," 3 vols. 31s. 6d. Wilkins's Manual of Latin Prose Composition, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl. Wilkinson's Domestic Habits of Ancient Egyptians, cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. Wordsworth's Earlier Poems, Preface and Notes by Johnston, 6s. Young Pilgrim, fcp. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Young's Pre-Raphaelitism, post 8vo. 7s. 6d. cl.

THE LATE LORD RAGLAN.—The new number of the *Quarterly* contains an anecdote of Lord Raglan when wounded at Waterloo. The authority is the Prince of Orange. The Prince, we are told, used to recount that not a word announced the entry of a new patient, nor was he conscious of the presence of Lord Raglan (then Lord Fitzroy Somerset) till he heard him call out in the usual way—"Hallo! don't carry away that arm till I have taken of my ring." Neither the wound nor the operation had extorted a groan from the wounded soldier.

CLIMATE NOT THE CAUSE OF COLOUR.—It is a common opinion that climate alone is capable of producing all the diversities of complexion so remarkable in the human race. A very few facts may suffice to show that such cannot be the case. Thus the negroes of Van Dieman's Land, who are among the blackest people on earth, live in a climate as cold as that of Iceland, while the Indo-Chinese nations, who live in tropical Asia, are of a brown and olive complexion. It is remarked by Humboldt that the American tribes of the Equinoctial Region have no darker skin than the mountaineers of the Temperate Zone. So, also, the Fuehches of the Magellanic Plains, beyond the fifty-fifth degree of south latitude, are absolutely darker than Abipones, Tobas, and other tribes, who are many degrees nearer the equator. Again, the Charruas, who live south of the Rio de la Plata, are almost black, while the Guayacas, under the line, are among the fairest of the American tribes. Finally, not to multiply examples, those nations of the Caucasian race which have become inhabitants of the Torrid Zone in both hemispheres, although their descendants have been for centuries, and in Africa for many centuries, exposed to the most active influences of the climate, have never, in a solitary instance, exhibited the transformation from a Caucasian to a negro complexion.—*Types of Mankind.*

FOSSIL REMAINS.—The *Quebec Mercury* of Dec. 4 says: "Some fossil remains of a monster animal, supposed to be those of the mastodon, have lately been discovered in the county of Elgin. The *St. Thomas Dispatch* describes them as follows:—'We were shown on Tuesday last, by Mr. Freeborn Berdan, the gigantic tooth of a monster animal, found on the farm of Mr. Samuel Berdan, two miles west of Five Stakes, while digging in a light sandy loam on the edge of a small marshy spot, about twenty inches below the surface. The tooth was about seven or eight inches in length across the face, by four or five in width, and seemed to have been broken out of a jaw. The surface was perfectly smooth, and appeared to us as if it was petrified, or very heavily enamelled. It was of a mottled gray colour at the upper part, running down to a dark brown at the base. The interior was similar to a white calcined bone. Mr. Berdan also found two enormous tusks eight and a half feet from one end to the other, and curving back so that the ends are nearly parallel to each other; also two thigh bones three feet long, and an under jaw bone over three feet long, several ribs from three to four feet in length from point to point, and six teeth weighing six pounds or more each. These bones, as near as can be ascertained, are supposed to belong to a mastodon, an extinct species of the elephant, and have probably remained undisturbed where they were for centuries before the continent was discovered. Some parts of them were in a high state of preservation, while others would crumble to pieces at the slightest touch.'

The Voice.

VALUABLE RECIPES AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR STRENGTHENING, PRESERVING, AND IMPROVING THE VOICE, AND REMOVING HOARSENESS, original and compiled. By CHARLES W. SMITH, Professor of Education, Author of "Common Blunders Corrected." Will be sent (by post only) for twenty-five stamps.

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"Materials for years of reflection."—*Leader*, Oct. 5, 1850.
Address Mr. SMITH, Buckingham Chambers, 11, Buckingham-street, Strand.

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COLT'S PATENT SIX-SHOT REVOLVERS—weight 2lb. 8oz. rifle-bored. Also, three sizes POCKET REVOLVERS, for travellers and house protection. Description and price lists furnished. SAMUEL COLT, 14, Pall Mall, London.—Beware of counterfeits.

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DRAUGHTS round DOORS and WINDOWS effectually PREVENTED by GREENWOOD'S PATENT INDIA-RUBBER STOPS. Self-acting Spring Stops for the bottoms of doors. The most imperfect doors can be made air-tight without rehanging. Carpenters sent to take orders and fix them if required.—J. GREENWOOD, Carpenter, 10, Arthur-street West, London-bridge.

GLENFIELD'S PATENT STARCH, used in the Royal Laundry.—The Ladies are respectfully informed that this Starch is exclusively used in the Royal Laundry; and Her Majesty's Laundress says that, although she has used wheaten rice, and other powder starches, she has found none of them equal to the Glenfield, which is the finest starch she ever used.—WOTHERSPOON and Co., Glasgow and London.

TWENTY SHILLINGS PER DOZEN. SOUTH AFRICAN PORT. SOUTH AFRICAN SHERRY. SOUTH AFRICAN MADEIRA.
"Having tasted these wines, we say to those who like wine possessing richness without sweetness, dryness without acidity, and body without brandy, by all means give them a trial."—*Vide Bell's Weekly Messenger*, January 17, 1857.
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